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# NEW STATESMAN

## Poor old Sam!

## Richard Nixon versus Alger Hiss

### The latest state of a thirty-year contest

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## Profile of the Attorney-General

Fitzgerald v Hemingway

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## One cheer for Mr Callaghan

Not long ago, a false move by Britain's Chancellor of the Exchequer or a chance remark by a trades union leader could knock the pound down by five cents. This year at the Labour party conference, a very remarkable thing happened: the Prime Minister's pay policy was soundly defeated and the foreign exchange markets seemed hardly to notice. This experience, as much as the opinions of his colleagues, may have dampened Mr Callaghan's enthusiasm for the European Monetary System. With the trigger-happy and fickle sorts who inhabit the foreign exchange dealing rooms, managing a currency is a difficult task. But at least at the moment, with a high level of reserves, Britain seems as well equipped as anyone to keep a stable currency.

There is also strong political pressure on Mr Callaghan not to join EMS. It is not just the left wing who are against it. Dr Owen is not keen and even Michael Foot cannot be relied upon to sell this particular piece of policy regardless of its price. The EMS must be judged, Mr Callaghan told the Labour party earlier this week, by its ability to stabilise exchange rates and cope with the differing levels of inflation among its members.

Those who think that Mr Callaghan should not set his face against the EMS argue that the French and Germans are ready to make concessions. To start with they need EMS more than Britain, as inter-European trade is more important to them than it is to Britain. Britain also has an obviously strong case in its arguments for a change in the way it contributes to the EEC budget. They believe, in other words, that Mr Callaghan can get the concessions he needs to get the currency stability for which he longs. This aspiration is entirely consistent with a policy and electoral appeal based on stability and safety first.

More important than the stability of the pound is the level at which its exchange rate is to be fixed. There seems a real danger that even suitable concessions would commit Britain to defending an exchange rate that is too high. It cannot be spelt out too clearly that if Britain's currency is overvalued – as it has been for most of the post war years – it is bad for employment and economic growth. Earlier this year when the pound staged one of its periodic rises against the dollar some companies cautioned that this made it harder to sell British goods abroad.

But it is easier to say that a currency should not be overvalued than to say what its correct value should be. There are also dangers to an economic strategy based on a cheap currency: it tends to encourage the industries which use cheap labour and make simple products – just the sort of industries Britain should not aim to rely upon. A system of currency cooperation can tackle both these problems, if for instance it embraces the planning of international trade.

What is on offer at the moment does not, of course, do that. Rather the opposite. What unites those of the right who want the EMS to succeed and those of their number who think it will fail is their belief that it should try to impose domestic policies on its members. As *The Economist* succinctly put it last week: 'It sets up a framework for coordination for fiscal, monetary and exchange policy, which could benefit Europe as the IMF has benefited the world.' For those who consider that the IMF is an international financial policeman, enforcing with variable justice a law book which is in need of some reform, this is not an attractive proposition.

Very likely, Mr Callaghan's hesitations are motivated by short-term political considerations – that is in the nature of the Prime Minister. But even so, his hesitations can be justified in rational terms: resisting movements towards the consolidation of Europe's economies on the basis of the capitalist *status quo* is not synonymous with the encouragement of financial irresponsibility, and we must not let the Conservatives tell us that it is.

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# Notes on Politics and Power

## Rhodesia's oil: detectable and stoppable

*Martin Bailey writes:* Last week BP confessed to the *Sunday Times* that it was not until September 1978 that the company had finally ended a 'swap' arrangement for supplying Rhodesia. BP provided part of the South African requirements of Sasol, the state oil corporation, and in return Sasol supplied BP's Rhodesian needs. BP told the *Sunday Times* that the swap had been such a closely guarded secret that even the Chairman of BP-SA had been unaware of its continued existence.

Two footnotes should be added to BP's admission. First, the refinery which provided BP's Rhodesian requirements was not completed until six years *after* UDI. The Natref refinery, controlled by Sasol, only came on stream in 1971. If the Western oil companies had cut all their Rhodesian links before this time, while all South Africa's refinery capacity was under their ownership, then the Smith regime would have been in an extremely vulnerable position. Rhodesia would have been forced to import all its petrol requirements through South Africa in *refined* form. Since South Africa imports very little refined petrol, this would have immediately identified any substantial exports to South Africa as being destined for the rebel regime.

Secondly, the ending of the Sasol swap makes a mockery of the main defence of the oil companies in the sanctions scandal. They have always claimed that South African legislation on 'conditional selling' made it impossible to cut off supplies from South Africa to Rhodesia, and that the draconian Official Secrets Act restricted the flow of information on oil sales. Yet BP's belated decision to end the latest swap suggests that South African law was never an insurmountable obstacle in cutting the oil lifeline. It all strengthens the argument that had the oil companies and the British Government acted with some determination immediately after UDI, then the whole Rhodesian rebellion could well have been crushed within weeks. MPs will no doubt be waiting for an explanation from Sir Harold Wilson when they assemble for next week's crucial Commons debate on the Bingham Report.

## The research standards of the Evening News

*David Hencke writes*: Cohorts of distinguished journalists, and perhaps some not so distinguished, are now being despatched to hang outside the gates of London's primary schools in yet another 'shock probe' investigation into the standards of British education. The latest newspaper to indulge its readers in this longest of long running education sagas is the *London Evening News*. But its methods seem rather simplistic to say the least.

An internal letter from Mr Keith Blogg, the paper's news editor, to freelance journalists in London and the South-East shows the paper's entire primary survey is to be based on six questions to ten children randomly selected by each freelance. He writes: 'Would you please arrange to interview ten children from as many schools as possible aged 10 years or over who are still attending primary school. They should come from as wide a range of schools as possible. We would like each of them to answer the following six questions. (You may find some children will give the wrong answers for fun. Please be on the alert for these and disregard them accordingly).' The letter then lists the six questions. They are: Multiply 9 x 7; Subtract 19 from 57; Spell the word school; Spell the word though; What is the capital of the United States? Who won the battle of Waterloo?

Mr Blogg adds the following helpful advice: 'Accept only a more or less immediate answer. Do not wait for children to count up laboriously on their fingers.' Journalists are then expected to indicate in an appropriate column attached the number able or unable to produce a correct answer.

Apart from the stupidity of relying on six questions to judge entire standards in primary

education, these surveys appear to suggest that the intelligence of the journalists involved must seriously be questioned. Do they not know that any firm needing reliable information would not dream of conducting research in such an arbitrary way? Are they not aware that teaching methods in primary schools have changed a little since the days they were asked to recite tables in a classroom? Since no survey has yet appeared — the rival *Evening Standard* produced its own feature based on interviews with people involved in the profession – perhaps the *Evening News* has thought better of it. If it does, parents should be aware of the flimsy evidence. Meanwhile, perhaps those teachers with a flair for project work should launch their own rival research for primary children. A simple six questions test that will judge the standards of *Evening News* reporters and executives caught randomly leaving Carmelite House one evening. That should be easy enough for anyone with an IQ of a ten year old.

## Turkish communism in Ecevit's court

*Denis MacShane writes from Istanbul*: A trial opened here last week whose outcome could determine the future of the Ecevit government. Ahmet Tastan, managing editor of Turkey's main left-wing publishing house, Urun, is charged with publishing the programme of the Turkish Communist Party (TKP) which was founded in 1920 and is now the only communist party in Europe still to be banned by law.

Tastan is charged under Articles 141 and 142 of the Turkish Penal Code which threaten 'heavy imprisonment' and death for anyone who organises or 'makes propaganda' for the purpose of 'establishing the domination of a social class over other social classes'. The two Articles were lifted by Attaturk in the 1920s from Mussolini's penal code and the need to repeal them has become the main rallying point of the Turkish left and liberal community. Fifty-two lawyers crammed themselves into the dingy courtroom as Tastan's defence team – an act unprecedented in Turkish legal history. Leader of the defence, Orhan Apaydin, is President of the Istanbul Bar Association. He made it clear in his opening speech that it was not so much Urun or the TKP on trial as Articles 141 and 142 and the right of free expression in Turkey. In Istanbul photographers are allowed to take pictures inside courtrooms. Lawyers from England, France and Germany who were attending as observers looked on incredulously as a television cameraman clambered on to the judicial bench – without any comment from the judges – in order to get a better shot of the assembled crowd.

In theory, Bulent Ecevit's Republican People's Party is committed to repealing the Articles. However, Ecevit fears (probably rightly) that if he attempts to do so without a Parliamentary majority, his government will fall. Of the 450 seats, the RPP currently holds only 217 and relies for its majority on eleven defectors from the right-wing Justice party. Set against the RPP – and united against repeal of Articles 141 and 142 – are the Justice Party, the pro-Islamic National Salvation Party and the fascist National Action Party.

The argument being developed by the Urun defence team is that the trial judges should send the case to the Constitutional Court for it to decide whether or not Articles 141 and 142 are unconstitutional and should be abrogated. A favourable decision there would deal quite a blow to Turkey's right-wing hardliners, and would let Ecevit off the hook.

The RPP's Deputy General Secretary Ugur Alacakapstan has successfully negotiated his party's entry to membership of the Socialist International. Formal admission will take place on 4 November in Vancouver. That will surely be the first time the SI has admitted a social democratic party which in government applies a fascist penal code.

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## Dare Leyland workers follow Ford's?

*Nick Boulter writes:* The 35 per cent claim by unions in all the major factories in BL Cars has been greeted with laughter and disdain by the press, given the company's heavy dependence on state subsidies. Many workers consider the claim too ambitious as well. Over the next fortnight mass meetings at which the negotiating committees report back will show whether the supposedly demoralised BL workers are willing to fight for the claim.

The unions have estimated that between 1974 and 1978 the real take-home pay of BL car workers has fallen by 20 per cent. Car workers are no longer well paid compared to other groups of workers and BL workers are no longer well paid compared with Ford. The old Ford slogan of 'parity with Leyland' is absent from the placards of Ford strikers today. In the past, car workers were prepared to trade off the monotony of their jobs for the good pay. Today the monotony is increasing due to efficiency exercises but pay is falling. Labour turnover is very high – at Longbridge, the highest in its history – and some sectors, like the toolrooms, are undermanned because BL cannot find enough people to work at the rates offered. The introduction of parity within all BL car factories now rather than next year – as agreed – would overcome the anomaly of workers of the same company doing the same work, but at different plants, for different wages. It would also benefit management by ironing out major dispute areas, such as the toolrooms.

Like Fords, Leyland are pressing for a 35 hour week. The message of the Ryder and 'Think-Tank' reports has at last reached home: no amount of cajoling can make a BL worker, with less than £1,000 of capital investment at his elbow, as productive as a German with £5,000 or a Japanese with £10,000. But the new technology and automation associated with heavy investment leads to job losses. At Longbridge, for example, where a new body shop is being built at a cost of £230m. for the new 'super Mini', the introduction of computer controlled robot welding machines will mean that only 1,000 workers will be required instead of the present 4,000. A 35 hour week would prevent such redundancies and would also benefit the company: stress, absenteeism and sickness would fall, and quality improve. Yet at Solihull Leyland have called a halt to work on a £280m. investment programme for the Land and Range Rover because the unions will not accept double shift work.

Demands for security of earnings have been important issues over the last year. For example, the unions would like manual workers to receive the same benefits as staff so that manual workers are not subject to the 3 day wait before claiming sick pay.

The company will probably reply to the claim with a small rise (5 per cent) accompanied by an incentive deal. They may also propose the introduction of parity now in exchange for the 7,000 redundancies Michael Edwardes considers necessary to pay for it. The management have chosen this moment to 'leak' their latest 5-tier parity proposals, which would give all toolroom workers a wage of £84.76p, with a clear 5 per cent more than any track workers; as a result the toolroom committee have now withdrawn their strike notice.

Management and union officials know there would be no difficulty in getting 7,000 voluntary redundancies, and introducing parity now would undercut any strike moves from the toolroom, settle the SU dispute, and reduce the chance of strikes at Longbridge, Cowley and the other lower paid plants, leaving the highest paid – Rover and Triumph Canley – isolated. Union leaders are not opposed to an incentives deal despite its threat to jobs. The stumbling block has always been the very high, unrealistic 'trigger-point' of output before workers can earn incentives.

## Plaid Cymru moves towards a split

*Clare Lovell writes:* Despite the standing ovation for Plaid Cymru's elder statesman, Gwynfor Evans MP, at last weekend's conference there is a growing disenchantment amongst the party's left wing. The Plaid moderates aim for an independent Wales, remaining closely linked with Britain through the monarchy, Commonwealth and EEC. The left-wing seeks complete economic freedom. Robert Griffiths, a leading light of the radicals, summed up their stance during the conference debate on unemployment, when he said that Wales's problems could only be solved after 'real devolution of social and economic power in a Welsh socialist republic.'

The radical element is composed mainly of South Walians, recruited fairly recently into a party whose roots lie in the more conservative rural areas of North Wales. They believe that if there is to be mass support for the idea of an independent Wales, Plaid must campaign in the densely populated valleys of Gwent and Glamorgan and offer an acceptable alternative to previously staunch Labour voters. At the beginning of next month they are to publish the first edition of a Welsh socialist newspaper *Y Faner Goch* (The Red Flag), launching it under a slogan likely to upset some of the party veterans: 'Cymru Rydd Mewn byd sosialaidd' (A free Wales in a socialist world).

If the paper succeeeds in recruiting new members to the already swelling ranks of Plaid's left, it seems inevitable that a split will occur in the party. At present, while Plaid Cymru is consolidating its strength, both sides need each other: the moderates to appeal to the rural, cultural bias of the north; the left to gain support from the disillusioned Labour voters in the industrial south. But the main goal which unites them is an independent Wales. The nearer Plaid moves towards this, the greater its internal rift will become.

## Free Speech

# Company law—who wants to know?

In December, the Government's bill on company law will be passed – or at least, if it isn't, Britain will contravene the Second EEC Directive on the formation of public companies. There will no doubt be a certain amount of discreet self-congratulation about another step forward having been taken in the long march towards the control of capitalism. It would be a pity if anyone were to believe too much of this.

The bill does make insider trading a criminal offence, and further restricts loans to directors and their families. The policing of behaviour however is still left to those gentlemanly organisations, the Stock Exchange Council and the City Take-Over and Merger Panel with the Department of Trade – not exactly a fiery outfit itself – somewhere in the background.

But the new law will not change the relationship between companies and their shareholders and employees. It does not tighten up the presentation of company accounts in any serious way. Nor does it give employees the right to know any more about their companies.

Of course, a quick glance at the Employment Protection Act and the accompanying Code of Practice would suggest that the unions can demand all the information they could possibly want. In reality, because the Act is very vaguely worded, companies can avoid any substantial disclosure, and even ACAS is quite unable to help.

In resisting further disclosure, the CBI and its allies normally argue that workers and shareholders do not want, and cannot use, large quantities of detailed information. And, given the way things work at the moment, they could have a point of sorts.

Too little attention has been given to the *purposes* for which information should be disclosed and acquired. Disclosure in itself is not an abstract good – for information only becomes relevant when particular action can be based on it. This is something that, for instance, the Government's own Green Paper *The Future of Company Reports* failed to see – when it suggested that company accounts should include an employment statement, giving details about the workforce and the unions recognised.

But without a re-definition of the duties of company directors towards people who, very often, invest their livelihoods in a company, such a statement does not belong to a company report. It is much more appropriate for unions to obtain such details in the context of collective bargaining, or for the Government to obtain them for planning.

Indeed, the most important purpose of company disclosure is to assist economic planning, and within this context companies have been bluntly uncooperative. So far, industrial strategy has been conducted through Neddy working-parties: and let us take the computer industry as a case in point. Five multi-nationals – including IBM, which accounts for more than 30 per cent of the market – refused to give manpower forecasts, as did 21 out of 31 software houses. Such behaviour makes manpower planning no more than a bad joke, and a particularly unfunny one when we already have high unemployment, and when the applications of computers and microprocessors could bring a great deal more.

It is against this background that one must consider industrialists' complaints that people 'do not want' information. Naturally, the more sophisticated workers are unimpressed by 'pop' versions of a company's accounts, carefully tailored to show that most of the company's revenue goes in wages, with only a tiny profit left over to maintain stocks.

Once information is related to decision-making – for instance, through planning agreements designed to obtain industrial expansion – it will be used and understood quickly enough by workers. Perhaps, after all, that is what the CBI really fears.

**Oonagh McDonald MP**

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# Is there an Attorney-General in the House?

*At 11 o'clock on Tuesday morning the jury in the Official Secrets case were summoned to Court Number One at the Old Bailey by Mr Justice Mars-Jones. 'We have had a protracted legal argument in your absence,' he told them, 'and your task is going to be considerably shorter. I can tell you now that you need no longer concern yourselves with counts one, two, three and four – in other words the charges under Section One of the Official Secrets Act are no longer of concern to you.' Smiling benevolently at the assembled jurors, he added: 'Because of this change in the situation it will be necessary for everyone concerned to have some time to see how many of the documents before you can now be put on the bonfire.' When Guy Fawkes Day does arrive, it would perhaps be appropriate if the guy on top of the pyre was an effigy of the man who made the whole fiasco possible – Attorney-General Sam Silkin.*

**Profile**

*Drawing by John Minnion*

The modern world has known many Attorneys-General who are unfit to hold even a minor public office, but of nobody could this be more truly said than Richard Kleindienst, who oversaw many of the Nixon regime's most arbitrary and repressive legal manoeuvres. He was once questioned about some panic legislation applied by Pierre Trudeau, and replied in this fashion:

> We conservatives would not have reacted that way. Cool-headed Wall Street types – like Nixon, Mitchell and me – would never respond emotionally. We would be conservative in invoking extraordinary powers. You liberals, on the other hand, you don't anticipate crises; you worry about upsetting constituencies. When you do act, things have gotten so far out of hand that you have to overreact. That's why liberals are more likely to invoke emergency powers than conservatives.

Is there, perhaps, a moral here for Labour's current incumbent as Attorney-General? Sam Silkin's time in office has been an almost unpunctuated story of failure and discredit. Discredit, because most of his targets have been dissenting individuals or minorities (pacifist leafletters accused of conspiracy, the Crossman Diaries nearly banned, the Official Secrets defendants still on trial). Failure, because most of the prosecutions he has authorised have been thrown out by the courts and derided by legal opinion, not to mention by what Kleindienst might call the liberal consensus.

Most politicians have at least an anecdote attached to their names, encapsulating a story or speech which illuminates their beliefs.

The encapsulating anecdote about Sam Silkin is that there isn't one. In all the 'great debates' that have riven the Labour Party since he became an MP in 1964, one searches to find what position he took and comes up with – nothing. He has always been an enthusiast for Europe and a friend of Roy Jenkins (in bold contrast to his brother John) and he was bitterly disappointed, back in the sixties, to miss the job of Secretary-General of the Council of Europe (passed over). The rest is silence.

He comes from a political family all right, inheriting a sort of social-democratic *noblesse oblige*. His father, Lewis Silkin, was a prominent London Labour power figure, who attracted Clem Attlee's attention at the time of the post-war administration, and went through the Ministry of Town and Country Planning on his way to becoming almost the last Labour hereditary peer. The family held some usefully priced property in South Wales (allegations about which, in relation to dealings with Eric Miller and John Poulson, are now amazingly enough the subject of a lawsuit). The brothers Sam and John both occupy South London seats in areas where their father's name is still remembered, and Sam has a reputation as a conscientious but boring local MP, who has served his time on the council and on committees.

Much the same can be said of his career as a lawyer, which although studded with Oxford firsts has never held a courtroom spellbound or a debating chamber either. (On the cricket field, however, he has been known to come alive.) Labour's acute shortage of good QCs, coupled with Harold Wilson's taste for the conformist and the placeman, combined to give Sam Silkin the high legal position he occupies today.

It is, in constitutional terms, a rather queasy position. It combines three roles. The Attorney-General is, first, a member of the majority party. He also has, theoretically, the power to decide upon major prosecutions. Thirdly, Parliament has given him discretion 'in the public interest' to interpret the letter and spirit of the law. He is, therefore, an exception to the alleged ruling principle that we have a government of laws not men. This principle should be reinterpreted in the British case: we have a government not of laws but of lawyers.

Two allegations are made about the constitutional position of the Attorney-General, though they are usually only made when he is being criticised for some questionable decision. The first is that he is a lawyer not a politician, which would mean that there would be no expectable difference between a Silkin and a Rawlinson regime, and no point in voting for either party if your interest was primarily in the reform of the law. The second allegation, which slightly contradicts the first, was made by Silkin himself, in a private meeting of lawyers in 1975. It is to the effect that an A-G must administer the law as it stands *while pressing, where necessary, for legislative change*. This view is not as traditional and conformist as it sounds. Many Attorneys-General have recognised it for the cant that it is. Here is Lord Simon, who told the House in 1925 that:

> There is no greater nonsense talked about the Attorney-General's duty than the suggestion that in all cases the Attorney-General ought to decide to prosecute merely because he thinks there is what the lawyers call 'a case'. It is not true, and no one who has held the office supposes that it is.

Lord Shawcross, if you prefer, went even further in 1951 when he said:

> I think the true doctrine is that it is a duty of an Attorney-General, in deciding whether or not to authorise the prosecution, to acquaint himself with all the relevant facts including, for instance, the effect which the prosecution, successful or unsuccessful as the case may be, would have on public morale and order, and with any other considerations affecting public policy.

Sam Silkin, probably the most boring man ever to have generated so much controversy, can therefore not claim with obvious authority that his decisions have been 'objective' or guided simply by the letter of the law. Nor can his increasingly visible Director of Public Prosecutions, Mr Tony Hetherington, who recently told the *Observer* that he didn't think the DPP should ever prosecute unless there was 'more than a 50 per cent chance' of a conviction. Coming from a man who had been closely involved, that very week, in the ABC prosecution, this was an estimate of the defendants' chances which amounted almost to contempt. Hetherington it was, too, who told newspaper editors that

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they could not print Colonel B's name even though it had been revealed in Parliament. There is no ambiguity in the law here – Hetherington, like Silkin, was simply volunteering to do the executive a favour.

Silkin's behaviour over the current Official Secrets case has been an object lesson in how to accumulate egg on one's face. Section Eight of the Official Secrets Act says that 'a prosecution for an offence under this Act shall not be instituted except by or with the consent of the Attorney-General,' as a check on half-witted and pointless prosecutions. But the object of allowing the Attorney-General 'discretion' – an important constitutional restraint – is completely thwarted when the Attorney-General himself appears to have a penchant for half-witted actions. One remembers his previous 'military' trial of 14 pacifists accused of breaking the Incitement to Disaffection Act. That case occupied eleven weeks of 1975, cost the taxpayer over £100,000 and finished with an acquittal.

Silkin, however, appears unable to learn from his previous disasters. When Aubrey, Berry and Campbell were arrested in February last year they were initially charged under Section Two of the Official Secrets Act (the section which Labour is committed to repeal). Silkin then decided to go the whole hog and issued an open-ended *fiat* allowing Section One charges to be brought as well. There was a special charge for Duncan Campbell of 'collecting . . . information concerning defence communications which might be directly or indirectly useful to an enemy,' which was dropped earlier this month after Campbell's QC, Lord Hutchinson, had proved that much of this supposedly dangerous information had been obtained from 'official or semi-official sources'. Silkin's failure to do his homework before bringing this preposterous charge cost the taxpayer considerably more than stopping the original trial after Christopher Hitchens's remarks about the jury.

But then money and human suffering do not appear to have troubled Sam Silkin during this trial. The other Section One charges – of communicating and receiving information which might be directly or indirectly useful to an enemy – were allowed to drag on for 18 months until they were finally abandoned on Tuesday. It's all very well for Silkin to admit, effectively, that the charges under Section One should never have been brought, but to most other observers it has been clear from the start that Section One – which has previously only been used for spies and saboteurs and which, in the original Act, is actually headed 'Penalties for spying' – was wholly inappropriate in a case where, as the prosecution conceded, there has never been any suggestion that the defendants were spies. Silkin's own lack of confidence about the whole affair is reflected in his abandoning of the convention that either the Attorney or Solicitor-General appear personally in cases involving a Section One indictment.

He has had more success with smaller targets – publishers of homosexual contact magazines, for instance, were successfully enmeshed in the conspiracy laws and various pieces of arbitrary film censorship went off practically without a hitch. But on every major test case, from Crossman onwards, Silkin has shown himself to be out of his depth and on bad terms with the real state of the law. When Sir Peter Rawlinson interested himself in the hunting down of building worker pickets, or the protection of Distillers' feelings over the Thalidomide case, he could at least claim that he was interpreting the public interest in a fashion consistent with that of his fellow-ministers. To judge by private comments and revelations made lately, many of Silkin's colleagues regard him as a bungling embarrassment. His half-admission about picking and vetting of juries must be the last straw.

In January 1977, when for once he was doing the right thing over the Gouriet/NAFF private action, Silkin told their lordships Denning, Lawton and Ormrod that the duty of an A-G was 'an onerous and embarrassing task which, in many ways, I would be glad to leave.' Justice Ormrod murmured sympathetically, 'I am sure.' It is, surely, time to spare him any more humiliation. As a Town and Country Planning lawyer he was able to shine, and to his Town and Country Planning practice he should return. Investigation shows him to be a citizen above suspicion, but it would be cruel and unusual punishment to allow him to persist in his post for any longer.

# Wielding the liquid cosh

*This week's* Sunday Times *published extracts from the Home Office-approved* Prison Medical Journal, *in which a former prison doctor described drug use to control 'discipline failures' in Albany prison. The Home Office would still have us believe that its own hands are clean. 'It is grossly untrue' a spokesman responded, 'to suggest that drugs are administered at the behest of the authorities for staff control'. JOHN McVICAR explains how drugs have become an essential means of maintaining order in maximum security prisons.*

Traditionally, escape and disruption have been the main safety valves for discharging energy generated by prisoners' resentment at being inside. But the introduction of modern maximum security prisons in the late 1960's effectively bolted the door to escapers. Energy previously channelled into escape was diverted into protesting about prison conditions and warders' behaviour.

The constitutional penalties for assault are often not sufficient to outweigh in the prisoner's mind the attractiveness of clumping staff. So warders have tended to tip the scales in their favour by escalating their own use of violence. In most prisons, staff have found that a certain level of brutality helps keep the disciplinary machine well oiled. Last week I had the unusual experience of sharing the platform at a Birmingham WEA class with an assistant governor from Winston Green Prison: 'I'd be a fool to deny that brutality occurs', he said, 'but I like to call it rough justice'.

In modern maximum security prisons – where the safety valve of possible escape has been sealed off – staff have more incentive than elsewhere to use violence to curb disorder. Yet in these prisons the *systematic* use of violence has actually been eradicated. Why? The cons just won't stand for it. Maximum security prisons were designed for regimes which require prisoners to be out of their cells at all times except when they are sleeping. They have incredibly high staffing levels – often one-to-one prisoner/staff ratios – and these are only justified by prisoners going to workshops, education classes, the gymnasium, the sports field and so on. Spread out in this way, the prisoners are well-placed to cause uproar and damage and to bring workshops to a halt any time staff use unnecessary force.

In Long Lartin (a high security prison where I was earlier this year) the staff are under strict orders not to assault even prisoners who have assaulted them – and by and large they don't. Difficult prisoners can be sent for a 'cool off' period to a nasty local like Winston Green or Wandsworth, where the regime allows a bit of physical treatment to be dished out more freely. But the most useful alternative to violence in maximum security prisons is what the medical profession call 'chemotherapy' and what prisoners know as the 'liquid cosh'.

Gartree, where prisoners rioted earlier this month over the drugging of Michael Blake, is a maximum security prison. So is Albany, where Dr McCleery experimented with Depixol on unruly prisoners who were physically and mentally fit. I happened to meet Dr Smith – the doctor who administered Fenazin to Blake at Gartree – when he was seconded to Leicester Prison in 1977. I'd gone 'sick' for some face ointment, but after he listened to my symptoms he asked me if I 'ever got depressed'. When doctors like Smith are around I only admit to feeling deliriously happy.

It would be wrong to suggest that every prisoner taking his daily psychotropic 'tots' is pressurised into it by prison medical staff. Some are leant on initially, then acquire the habit. Dr McCleery described how the prisoners in Albany agreed to be injected with Depixol only after 'a lot of persuasion'. Others, perhaps the majority, are looking for a crutch to help them through the day and have badgered doctors to prescribe.

Once a climate of usage has been established, drugs tend to be administered for all sorts of mild conditions. Taking a purely expedient view, I doubt whether society benefits at all. Prisoners on drugs have to come out eventually. I don't expect their long-term chances of leading law-abiding lives have been improved by what Dr McCleery calls 'short-term containment'.

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# Aspects of Southern Africa

## Christopher Hitchens on some of the sights the Foreign Ministers passed by

### Soft options, and selective perceptions

WHILE ENGAGED in defending the Shah of Iran on television last Sunday, Dr Owen heaped scorn on those who wanted it both ways; those who 'simply take their money . . . sell them tanks . . . sell them cars . . . and then when they come under attack, just back off'. Apart from the fact that those of us who want to back off from the Shah are not the ones who have been selling him tanks or taking his money all these years, I suppose that Dr Owen's point is fair. I especially liked his next remark:

> That's a type of political leadership for which I have total contempt, which is what I call the soft optionists, the people who are never prepared to take any choice.

I wish this willingness to take sides so unequivocally had been apparent in South Africa and Namibia last week. The sordid duo of Bothas got away scot free with defying a panoply of five Western foreign ministers. The population of Namibia will now have to undergo a South African-supervised 'election' despite repeated proof that they want nothing of the kind. If only our Foreign Office was as tough-minded and as tender-hearted about African serfs as it is about Iranian despots. Blind in the right eye again . . .

VISITORS TO South Africa are always being accused of seeing what they want to see and bringing preconceptions with them. I can honestly say that this is not true of myself. I expected to find that Soweto was pretty awful, and I had what can only be called a preconception of what it would look like. Wrong, of course. It is far worse than one has heard it is. For a start, the sheer size of the place is astonishing, and the uncounted number of its inhabitants. Then the fact that it hardly shows on maps and is not signposted until one is on top of it. Then the bitter, dusty, unrelieved nastiness. As you enter, there is a huge power station (in an area called Orlando) which serves Johannesburg with electricity. Though it pours its smoke into Soweto, and is sited there, Soweto itself is mostly not electrified. Can you imagine a more detailed insult than that? Most whites, of course, have never been. So you find yourself answering their questions about what their country is really like.

### Linguistics, sedition, and the 'commitment to death'

ANDRÉ BRINK's fine new novel *Rumours of Rain* (W. H. Allen £5.95) has a good evocation of Soweto in it. The character Martin Mynhardt says that his sole visit there 'was, perhaps, the only experience in my adult life which truly scared me, while at the same time it was impossible to find any reason for it. For nothing happened. That was the worst. Nothing happened, but anything *might* happen at any moment.' The book is really about the agonies of Afrikaner doubt and dissent, with each character compelled to register more than one personality. It's very well written and very brave too. Brink is one of the few writers to enjoy the distinction of having a novel banned which he had written in Afrikaans – the goons usually hesitate to do to their own language what they do so freely to others. In fact, they think Afrikaans is such a good language that they force blacks to learn it in school – which is asking for trouble.

AND GETTING IT. Eleven high school children, all black and one female, are currently facing trial for seditious conspiracy, which makes South Africa one of the few countries in the world to put schoolkids on a capital charge. They are accused of instigating the whole Soweto rising against compulsory Afrikaans, and of masterminding black opposition in general. They come up into the dock singing, often in their school uniforms, and the song they sing is called *Azakatali*, which means 'we don't care'. One of their lawyers told me that the astonishing thing about this generation of black youth was its 'commitment to death', its preparedness for sacrifice. One estimate is that there are 7,000 of them who have 'done the Marathon' and skipped to Botswana to prepare for opposition. But the authorities seem blind to the storm of resistance which they are creating.

LAWYERS LIKE the ones I spoke to are becoming endangered species. It is risky to defend the victims of apartheid, and we couldn't speak in the man's office for fear of being 'overheard'. The four million whites in this country have 6,000 lawyers, by the way, while the remaining twenty-one million have 200.

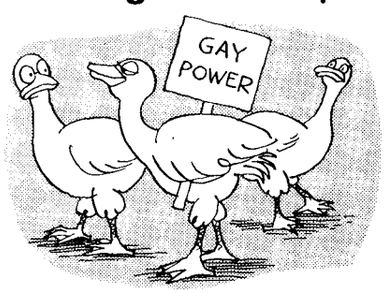
### And now for the good news

'LOOK ON the bright side for a change, don't be so bloody critical man'. A quid for each time I heard that would be very welcome. Here, then, is some good news. The Arnold Bergstraesse Institute of Freiburg, West Germany, recently found that black people were astonishingly free of generalised prejudice against whites, and were capable of distinguishing between those who were brutal to them and those who were not. Racist attitudes were, I am sorry to say, rather more prevalent among whites, who tended to lump all Africans together. I was shown round Soweto by a member of the Black Consciousness movement, a man who had endured a banning order for six years. He told me that the Movement is always explaining to the people that Indians and whites are not racial enemies – but that sometimes it's rather an uphill task. Forster says of a character in *A Passage to India* that 'he, too, generalised from his disappointments – it is difficult for members of a subject race to do otherwise'. Yet not impossible. Mind you, most of the cops in Soweto are black, and their chief got two bullets in the stomach the other day (terminal). Does that count as good news?

SOUTH AFRICA has a uranium enrichment centre, and a national nuclear research centre as well. They are called, respectively, Velindaba and Pelindaba. These are Zulu words, the first meaning 'This we don't talk about' and the second meaning 'We talk of this no more.' I find this ominous.

A VISIT TO the Voortrekker monument is a must for anybody who passes through Pretoria (there is bugger all else to see anyway). The monument itself is unbelievably ugly, combining a Stalinist squatness and weight with a *kitsch* surround of stylised


**This England 1974/78**




☐ The same problem of imbalance between male and female mallards on the backs at Cambridge was not only causing distress but there was a very real possibility of the ducks becoming locally extinct. The solution was to catch the 'excess' male mallards and to condition them, in the psychology department, into homosexuality. — Letter in *Evening Standard*.

3 November is the date to remember this year. That's when **This England** will be on sale at booksellers throughout the UK. Amusing selections by Audrey Hilton from the NEW STATESMAN's weekly feature, superb illustrations by Bernard Handlesman — in all, 80 pages of enormous fun for only 80p. Inquire at your bookseller now!

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stone ox-wagons. The murals within are better done, but the story they tell is of the eternal treachery and blood-lust of black Africans. Every 1 December the sun shines through a specially angled aperture in the dome to illuminate a great slab inscribed with the words *Ons vir jou Suid-Afrika* (we are with you South Africa). The date commemorates the victory at Blood River in 1838, where thousands of Zulus were killed and no trekkers lost their lives. It is taught to schoolchildren as a miracle. One hundred and fifty years later it is pretty obvious even to the casual visitor that there will not be a miracle next time.

## Better still: Despots Against Apartheid

A RECENT article in the pro-Government paper *Beeld* gives some idea of the jingoistic mentality now prevailing in the country (with 'the boys on the border' mentioned in almost every record request on the radios, and lurid propaganda posters on many public buildings). The West, says *Beeld*, should not make the mistake that the British made in 1899. South Africa will not give up its historic presence in Namibia, and SWAPO should be recognised for the Marxist menace which it is. The article went on to say that it trusted that the Western military observers at the inauguration of the new President had noticed the number and precision of South Africa's Mirage jets. Mirage flypasts are a common ploy here, and there is no doubt that South Africa has an enormous military capacity. Waterkloof ridge, just north of Pretoria, is a huge complex of bases and installations which stretches for miles. This, coupled with the closed nature of Afrikaner politics, gives great weight to the opinions of the generals. They it was who, against BOSS advice, went on the disastrous Angola incursion. They still think they can hold Namibia and destabilise Angola at the same time. At the moment they are rather encouraged by military aid and advice from Israel, whose experience in cross-border fighting is considered invaluable. But so far the Israelis haven't sold them any planes to back up the Mirages. One can imagine the reluctance of white pilots to fly Kafirs.

BECAUSE I've made the odd nice remark about Dr Owen in print in the past, this week has been a hell of teasing and recrimination for me. Toady of the Shah, seller-out of the Namibians, you know the sort of thing. Well, the best I can do is point out that the South African press have been vilifying Owen as the man who prevented a 'reasonable' compromise from being struck. He was, they say, 'the fly in the ointment'. By contrast, the gloomy, unprincipled figure of Cyrus Vance is hailed as a man who established a 'good relationship' with the crazed P. W. Botha. Of course, these good notices for Owen must be balanced by such things as 'wonderful' (*Tehran Evening Advertiser*). I am told that, partly as a result of the sympathy shown him, the Shah is now prepared to join in any future oil boycott of South Africa. Rather a tricky dilemma for us dogmatic, doctrinaire socialists to be in.

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## The latest state of America's longest-running whodunnit

# How they made sure Alger Hiss was guilty

ALGER HISS may be regarded as the man who made it possible for Richard Nixon to reach the White House. Certainly Nixon's own estimate, in his first book of memoirs*, was that his career was given its decisive early impetus by the part he played in bringing about the triumph of Whittaker Chambers's claim that Hiss was a Soviet spy in Washington. And it was the Hiss case which made credible, and damaging, the lunatic career of Joseph McCarthy.

Hiss, at 74, still maintains his innocence, and the case has never yet lost its fascination as a real-life whodunnit. Its significance, though, is larger: the conviction of Alger Hiss provided the one piece of substance required to ensure that the fantasies of the paranoid Right should never go unrepresented in the making of American, and thus Western policy. It was McCarthyism that stripped American government of the people who were capable of seeing that the South-East Asian wars were based on delusions.

Nixon and Hiss remain indissolubly linked today. With the disgrace of Watergate, it became more credible to think that Hiss might have been elaborately framed three decades ago. With the new attempts of the American Right to revive the reputation of Nixon – and therefore to facilitate the political aspirations of followers like Henry Kissinger – new bitterness is added to the debate over Alger Hiss's unceasing struggle to clear his name. (The latest of many Hiss books, *Perjury*†, by Allen Weinstein, has been seen in America as one more anti-Hiss broadside in what Whittaker Chambers called 'a permanent war'.) Ironically, one of the most potent new weapons that Hiss has acquired is the use of the Freedom of Information Act – passed by a US Congress infuriated over Nixon's use, in his crusade against global Communism, of secret air-strikes against Cambodia. Documents obtained under the Act provide much of the substance of Hiss's current petition before the New York District Court to have his conviction overturned. The evidence does not show that Hiss was innocent but **DAVID ELSTEIN** argues here that the prosecution went to extraordinary and unscrupulous lengths to load the dice against him.

THE WELL-KNOWN facts about Hiss may be stated rapidly. Distinction at the Harvard Law School led to preferment as a clerk to Supreme Court Justice Oliver Wendell Holmes. Roosevelt's New Deal made him a counsel to the Agricultural Adjustment Administration, and to the Nye Committee which investigated arms-dealing in the First World War. He was ten years in the State Department, serving at Yalta, Dumbarton Oaks and the San Francisco conference which founded the UN. In 1947, he had just become President of the Carnegie Endowment for International Peace. Hiss personified the upper-class, East Coast liberal establishment which was loathed by Richard Nixon, Joseph McCarthy and the angry people of Middle and Western America for whom they claimed to speak – and for whom the New Deal, Yalta and the UN Charter were betrayals of American patriotism.

He was not, however, well-known until August 1948 when Whittaker Chambers, a senior editor on *Time* magazine testified before the Un-American Activities Committee of the House of Representatives (HUAC). Chambers described himself as having been, during the thirties, a member of the Communist underground. Hiss, he said, was one of the fellow-members from whom he had collected dues.

Chambers's evidence came at a handy moment for HUAC, which was beginning to run short of targets. But its enthusiasts were dismayed when Hiss elected to appear before the Committee and deny the whole Chambers story – saying that he had never met the man. Nixon was the only HUAC member to know, secretly, that Chambers had been telling his story since 1939, and that the FBI had taken it seriously enough to place Hiss under tight surveillance during his final year at the State Department.

His phone was tapped, his house bugged, his desk-diary monitored, and he and his wife were tailed. Even though nothing incriminating was turned up, the State Department's security officials had decided that Hiss was not trustworthy. Chambers, in short, was not just a lonely crank.

Nixon's readiness to back Chambers sustained the HUAC investigation, and after a sensational confrontation Hiss identified his accuser as 'George Crosley', a freelance journalist he claimed to have met a dozen times or so in the mid-1930s.

Chambers, undeterred, produced considerable evidence of a much closer relationship. He claimed to have stayed in Hiss's home, to have been lent an apartment to stay in, to have helped Hiss pass an old car on to the Party, to have pleaded with Hiss to break with Communism when he himself defected. The most famous of his circumstantial details was his knowledge of the fact that Hiss, a keen ornithologist, had once spotted a rare bird called a prothonatory warbler.

Hiss challenged Chambers to repeat his accusations without Congressional privilege. Chambers obliged: Hiss sued for slander, and a New York grand jury, which was sifting FBI evidence on alleged Communist infiltration of government, summoned both men to give evidence.

The slander action exploded in Hiss's face when Chambers revealed to Hiss's lawyers that he had a collection of re-typed State Department documents, and four handwritten notes – which he claimed Hiss had given him in early 1938 for passing on to the Soviet Union. Under the Statute of Limitations, it was too late to try either man for espionage: it is worth recalling, if the Hiss case is compared to the contemporary conspiracy trials on Eastern Europe, that America remained, even in Cold War panic, a nation of laws. But the issue swiftly became one of whether Hiss or Chambers, or both would be indicted by the grand jury for perjury.

Chambers was vulnerable because he had repeatedly testified that he had left the Party in 1937, and that Hiss had never been involved in espionage. Chambers's chief defender was HUAC, and Nixon was swiftly at hand when Chambers produced for the newsreel cameras five strips of film which he had concealed in a hollowed-out pumpkin on his farm. One was lightstruck, and two contained copies of insignificant documents. But the other two contained photographs of many confidential State Department documents, over and above those Chambers had produced to the Hiss lawyers. It was a devastating public relations coup, coming only a fortnight before the grand jury's deadline.

THE HISSES AND THE FBI had meanwhile collected whatever letters and documents they could find which had been made on the Hiss family typewriter in the mid-thirties. An FBI expert testified that the same machine has typed Chambers's Baltimore documents. The grand jury indicted Hiss on two counts of perjury – for denying contact with Chambers/'Crosley' after January 1937, and for denying the handover of the incriminating documents.

There were two long dramatic trials: the first jury split 8:4 against Hiss, and the second unanimously convicted. Within three weeks of the verdict, Klaus Fuchs was arrested in England, and Joe McCarthy was on his feet at Wheeling, West Virginia. Not even the stoutest anti-Communism would serve now as a reliable shield against paranoid accusations: for was not Donald Hiss, Alger's brother, a partner in the Wall Street firm of Dean Acheson, President Truman's Secretary of State? And had not Acheson himself been a character-reference for Hiss?

Nixon, no doubt correctly, regarded his triumph over Hiss as the decisive step in his progress towards the 1960 Presidential nomination: he was not, however, correct in portraying Hiss as drifting 'into obscurity' after his release from prison. This Hiss has stubbornly refused to do. Although his lawyers commissioned experts to challenge the typewriter evidence, the Supreme Court chose not to accept his appeal from conviction (ironically, because two of its members had appeared as character witnesses for Hiss).

But on the basis of FBI documents obtained under the Freedom of Information Act, he has now composed a *coram nobis* petition asking for his conviction to be set aside: the grounds being improper and un-

*Six Crises, 1962* †Hutchinson *£9.95*

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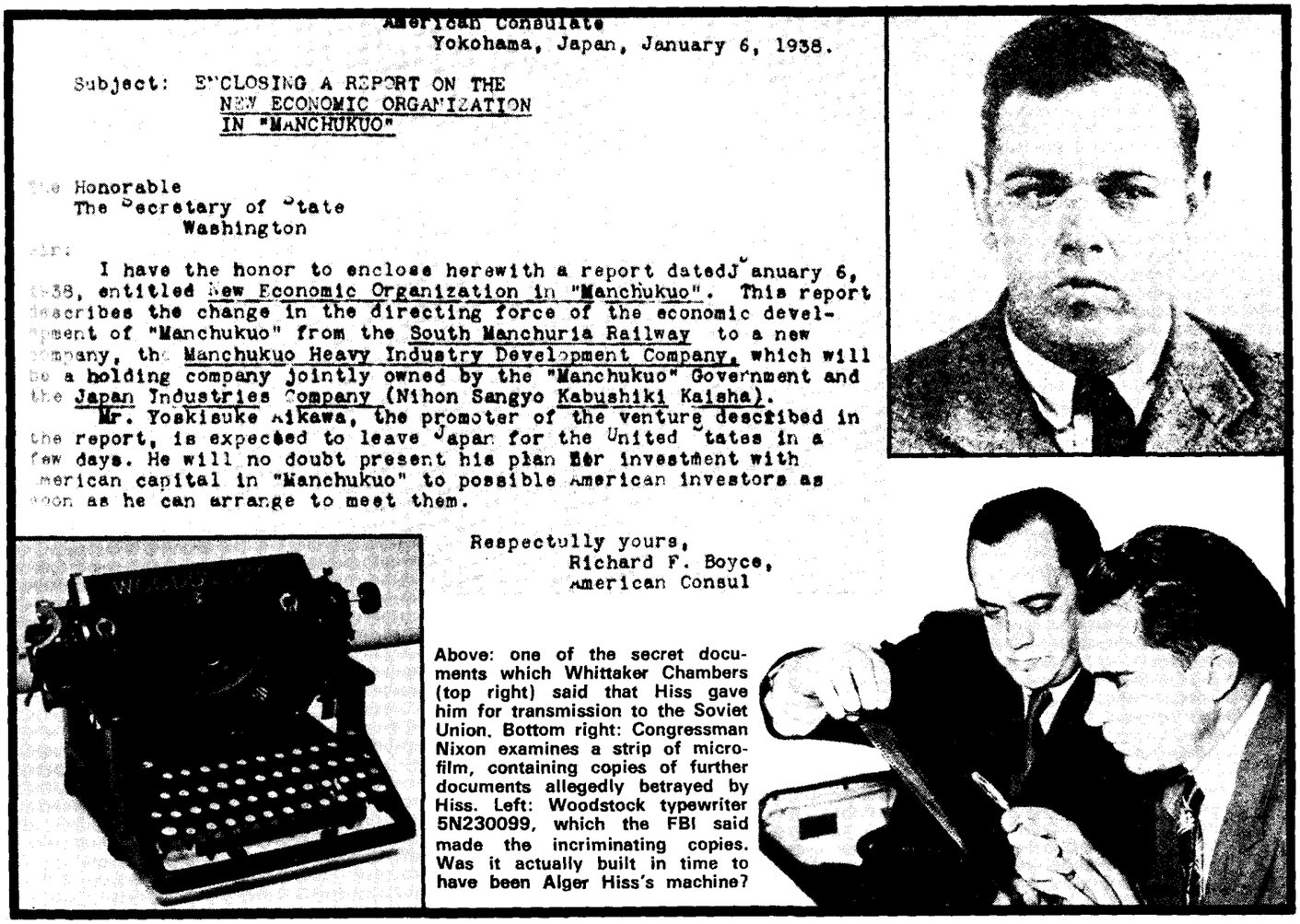

American Consulate
Yokohama, Japan, January 6, 1938.

Subject: ENCLOSING A REPORT ON THE NEW ECONOMIC ORGANIZATION IN "MANCHUKUO"

The Honorable
The Secretary of State
Washington

Sir:

I have the honor to enclose herewith a report dated January 6, 1938, entitled New Economic Organization in "Manchukuo". This report describes the change in the directing force of the economic development of "Manchukuo" from the South Manchuria Railway to a new company, the Manchukuo Heavy Industry Development Company, which will be a holding company jointly owned by the "Manchukuo" Government and the Japan Industries Company (Nihon Sangyo Kabushiki Kaisha).

Mr. Yoskisuke Aikawa, the promoter of the venture described in the report, is expected to leave Japan for the United States in a few days. He will no doubt present his plan for investment with American capital in "Manchukuo" to possible American investors as soon as he can arrange to meet them.

Respectully yours,
Richard F. Boyce,
American Consul

Above: one of the secret documents which Whittaker Chambers (top right) said that Hiss gave him for transmission to the Soviet Union. Bottom right: Congressman Nixon examines a strip of microfilm, containing copies of further documents allegedly betrayed by Hiss. Left: Woodstock typewriter 5N230099, which the FBI said made the incriminating copies. Was it actually built in time to have been Alger Hiss's machine?

constitutional actions by the prosecution. An interesting precedent is the case of Judith Coplon, who was tried at the same time as Hiss: there is no doubt that she handed over secret documents to the Soviet Union, but she was released on appeal because her lawyer's office had been illegally bugged by the FBI.

The documents underlying Hiss's petition do not contain a 'smoking gun' for those who believe that the whole prosecution was rigged. (Hiss can point out, though, that some documents have been withheld by the FBI, and others censored.) But they do reveal the suppression of evidence, the encouragement of false or misleading testimony – and the use by the prosecution of an informer inside the defence team.

**The hidden statements:** The most important evidence withheld consists of statements made by Chambers to the FBI which would have provided the defence with much-needed ammunition. Prosecutor Thomas Murphy admitted to the existence of only three brief statements by Chambers, which were then submitted to the judge to see if they conflicted with Chambers's testimony. The FBI files now reveal three other statements. One shows Chambers denying, yet again, any connection with the Communist Party after 1937. Another sets out the extraordinary details of Chambers's busy, indiscriminate, and wildly incautious homosexual pick-ups during the four-year period when he was meant to be a secret agent working for the Soviet underground. The prosecution not only concealed this statement's existence, but represented Chambers to the court as a model family man during this period!

The third statement is the most obvious example of prosecution bad faith. It ran to 184 pages, and was based on 39 separate interviews with the FBI: but when the time came for it to be signed (according to FBI routine), prosecutor Murphy instructed it to be left unsigned, precisely in order to be able to deny its existence, and so prevent it being made available to the court.

**The coached witnesses:** Hiss's petition cites two witnesses who gave evidence at the second trial, but not the first. Although Chambers and his wife claimed a close friendship with Hiss, only one independent witness ever testified as to seeing the couples together. Edith Murray, who was a maid with the Chambers family, identified photographs of the Hisses as occasional visitors. She repeatedly denied having been told by the FBI the names of the people whose photos she was shown. But her statement to the FBI reveals that she had indeed been given the names of the Hisses when she was shown the photos: and the prosecution must have known she was perjuring herself.

The second witness was George Roulhac. The Hisses for a long time claimed not to remember what had happened to their typewriter .A former maid somewhat confusedly testified that the typewriter had been given to her some time *before* the last of the incriminating documents could have been typed (April 1938). The prosecution then called George Roulhac – the maid's ex-boyfriend – who conveniently testified that he had not seen the typewriter in the maid's house until *after* April 1938.

The defence had cross-examined Roulhac to establish whether his remarkably accurate recall was the result of coaching. He admitted to only two sessions with the FBI. But the FBI files reveal that Roulhac was initially 'very vague as to dates and events'; and Hiss's lawyers have just discovered that Roulhac reported daily to the prosecutor for a month before he was put on the witness stand.

**The FBI and the double agent:** For many years, Hiss and his supporters have suspected that the main private investigator they hired – Horace Schmahl – was secretly working for the FBI. The new documents largely confirm this. Between December 1948 (soon after he was hired) and June 1949 (when the first trial had already begun) Schmahl made repeated offers to the FBI to reveal all he had discovered while working for the defence lawyers.

The FBI cautiously kept Schmahl at arm's length, accepting all his information without ever formally interviewing him, so as to avoid (as one FBI agent put it) 'any contact that could later be construed adversely'. Prosecutor Murphy had no such compunctions – and spoke to Schmahl at length during the first trial to discover what he knew about the defence's search for the missing Hiss family typewriter.

Hiss seems to have been remarkably unlucky in the choice of private investigators

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*Whittaker Chambers (left) as ex-Communist: he and his wife claimed an intimate relationship with Alger and Priscilla Hiss (right).*

and document examiners. Of those hired, at least two others privately passed on all their information to the FBI. After the trials, the defence lawyers approached one of their experts to help them show how a typewriter could be faked: and were thrown out of his office. He reported this to none other than Schmahl, who, in his own report to the FBI, revealed that the expert had originally been hired by the defence at Schmahl's behest – acting on FBI advice.

**The dubious typewriter:** The longest section of the petition is devoted to the Woodstock typewriter which was shown to have typed both the Baltimore documents and the Hiss family papers. Once the make of the family typewriter had been identified, both the FBI and the defence instituted a prolonged search for the missing machine, which had been given away ten years earlier. (No doubt both sides feared the other might tamper with the machine if they found it first.) The defence eventually traced model 5N230099, and presented it as an exhibit at the trials, where it was accepted as *the* typewriter.

Typing samples taken from the machine convinced the FBI expert that it was the typewriter used for both the Hiss family letters and the Baltimore documents. But was it the *original* family typewriter? Throughout the trials the prosecution gave no hint that it doubted the authenticity of the defence Woodstock. But the files reveal that the FBI had considerable doubts about the machine, about which they kept very quiet.

The history of *a* typewriter was more or less agreed. Priscilla Hiss's father, Thomas Fansler, had acquired a Woodstock machine for his insurance firm. His partner Harry Martin, remembered a purchase being made from a salesman named Thomas Grady. When Mr Fansler retired, he gave the machine to his daughter. The Hisses kept it for several years before giving it to their maid, from whom it passed through a series of owners until its remarkable rediscovery in 1949, just in time for the first trial.

Tests suggested that letters dated from 1931 to 1947 had been typed on a particular Woodstock, and so had the Baltimore documents. However the relevant Woodstock company sales records had apparently been destroyed. Mr Grady, who had left the company in December 1927, told the FBI he was quite certain he sold a machine to the Fansler-Martin partnership earlier that year; and Mr Martin was equally certain that that was the only Woodstock the partnership bought. But 5N230099 – soon to be the producer of the crucial letters and documents – could not have been manufactured until late July 1929, according to the FBI's check on the Woodstock company's records. Secretly, the FBI reckoned that 5N230099 was probably not sold until September 1932, long after Thomas Fansler's retirement.

The defence had no reason to doubt the machine till after the trials. It was only then that the idea emerged of trying to show that a typewriter could be faked. Belatedly, the impossibility of 5N230099 being the original Fansler Woodstock was established. FBI investigators had privately come to the conclusion that there must have been a second Woodstock, purchased by Fansler-Martin in 1929: but the date they opted for (early July 1929) was still too early for even the second Woodstock to have been 5N230099. Mysteriously, one of the newly-released FBI documents asserts that 'the typewriter was sold to the insurance partnership in *1928*, according to the records of the Woodstock agency'. These records, of course, were supposedly destroyed. And in any case, how could a machine built in 1929 be sold in 1928?

In arguing against Hiss's motion for a new trial in 1952, the government's lawyers blandly asserted that their case never rested on 5N230099 being *the* typewriter: only on the fact that the two crucial sets of documents had been typed on the *same* typewriter, without specifying its number. The motion for a new trial was rejected, and Hiss now claims that the government knowingly concealed its knowledge of the FBI expert's report, which claimed that 5N230099 – and not some unspecified machine – had typed all the documents.

WHETHER ANY of this new evidence will impress the court next year remains to be seen. It was available to Professor Weinstein, and cut no ice with him: however, it may yet appear that Weinstein's principal contribution to the Hiss affair has been to confuse it. *Perjury* is an immensely long, and intermittently valuable book. Its immense detail has forced the Hiss debate into such recondite areas that only those thoroughly familiar with the evidence can follow it – which may explain the respectful tone of the British reviews. But many of its judgments are bizarre, even comical.

Prosecutor Murphy's concealment of the three Chambers statements is recounted by Weinstein, but he attaches no significance to it, and none to the perjury of Edith Murray. Horace Schmahl is confined to an appendix, and Murphy's conversations with him treated merely as lack of fastidiousness; Roulhac's astounding memory earns only a footnote which remarks upon the inability of the defence to contradict him.

At least the typewriter makes the main text. Weinstein resolves the dating problem by saying the witnesses were 'confused', and by blurring the month's gap between the FBI's guess at the possible purchase of a *second* Woodstock, and the earliest possible date for the building of 5N230099.

In no case of disputed evidence does Weinstein give Hiss the benefit of the doubt. For instance, just before indictment one of Hiss's lawyers found a letter of 1933 which a document expert identified as the product of a Woodstock – possibly *the* Woodstock. He insisted the letter be handed to the FBI, and a lawyer did so, offering as his own opinion (though not the expert's) that it might turn out to come from 5N230099. Weinstein presents this as a deliberate concealment of the expert's opinion.

Weinstein goes on to accuse Hiss of an elaborate 'cover-up' over the typewriter evidence. He denounces Hiss six times for having failed to tell the FBI that a machine borrowed from a relative in 1942 – and which had no significance in the case – was returned in 1946. Then Hiss is accused of having concealed from the grand jury his 'knowledge' that the important typewriter had been given away to a former maid named Clydie Catlett – and not, as he had said earlier, to a charity or second-hand dealer. Any objective reading of the evi-

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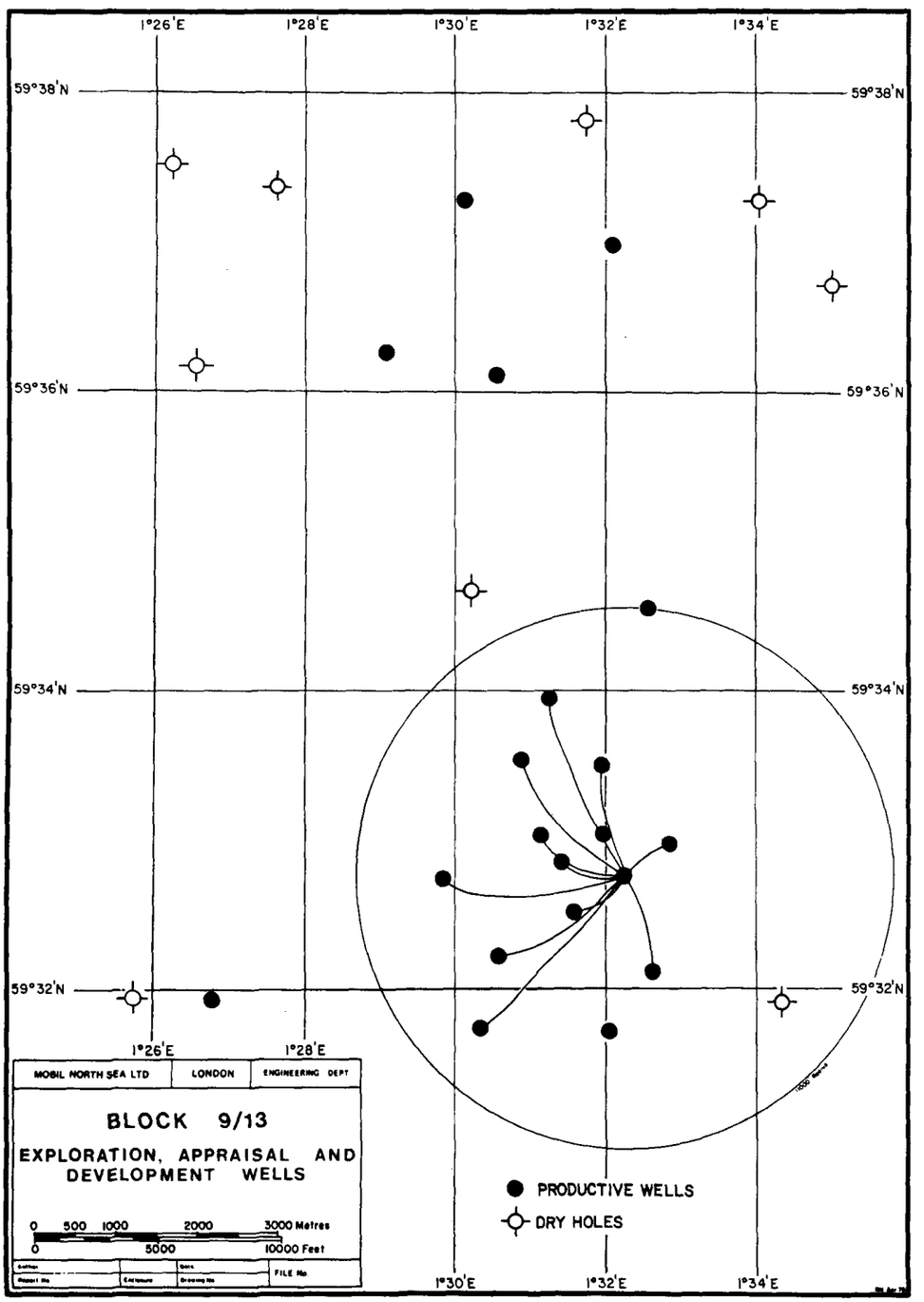
# Aquapuncture.

The ancient Chinese developed a technique for puncturing the body with needles to relieve pain.

Puncturing the earth under the sea with drill bits and lengths of steel pipe can bring us relief, even exhilaration at times — but more often the result is pain. For each North Sea exploration well which has found oil or gas in commercial quantities, the oil industry has sunk 14 which were 'dry'. At £3-4 million each, this can be pretty painful. All these dry holes, as well as all other costs, have to be paid for — out of the income from any successful wells we may find.

What oil people refer to as a dry hole occurs when we drill thousands of feet into the subterranean rock formations and find no oil or gas worth producing.




This map shows one of our more successful hunting grounds: block 9/13 in the North Sea, 95 miles southeast of the Shetland Islands. In 1971, Mobil and three partners paid £6.4 million for a government licence 'to search and bore for, and get, petroleum' under these 80 square miles of water, all of it nearly 400 feet deep.

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dence makes it clear that this 'knowledge' was no more than one of a series of guesses. That it turned out right is no evidence of 'cover-up' by Hiss.

Indeed, contact with the Catlett family – leading eventually to the recovery of the Hiss Woodstock – was not made until a month later. Relentlessly, Weinstein accuses Alger's brother Donald Hiss of concealing for another two months the actual discovery of the machine: indeed, he claims this as one of his central evidences of true Hiss guilt, and the claim has been widely accepted.

Yet a cool assessment of what happened suggests nothing so dramatic. Donald Hiss and Mike Catlett traced the old typewriter through several locations, to the lodgings of its final, rather derelict recipient. He was drunk when they arrived, and they were not allowed to make a proper search. They found an old typewriter there – but it was a Royal, and they concluded they had been misinformed. Two months later, when a defence lawyer, acting on a different initiative, followed the same trail, luck was the other way round. Sobriety had returned, and it emerged that there was an old Woodstock present as well as an old Royal. It takes a fevered imagination to see a 'cover-up' in all this.

Weinstein's method is no less alarming when he maintains that a close relationship existed in the thirties between the Chamberses and the Hisses. Mrs Chambers claimed to have visited the Hisses' pediatrician with Priscilla Hiss in September 1935. This is 'confirmed' by a 1949 lettter from the doctor, requesting Mrs Chambers's permission to allow Mrs Hiss to see her own records.

The implication is that such a request would have been unnecessary unless there had been a joint visit. Weinstein does not mention that the records, on examination, show no trace of such a visit.

In 1949 the pediatrician, Dr Margaret Nicholson, told one of Hiss's lawyers that she thought she recognised Chambers from newspaper photographs as a stranger she had met briefly while visiting Mrs Hiss in January 1937. Although the FBI had ample opportunity to follow this up in interviews with Dr Nicholson, she clearly did not recall any real evidence of a Hiss/Chambers connection, and nothing emerged from her testimony at the trial. Nonetheless, Dr Nicholson's tentative, temporary recognition is cited by Weinstein as contributing to 'substantial evidence' of a 'close, on-going relationship'.

The evidence is substantial only in contrast to some of Professor Weinstein's more elaborate fancies: for instance, his production of a document showing that Gromyko once proposed Hiss to the Americans as a temporary Secretary-General of the UN. This he calls an endorsement 'practically unique in the annals of Soviet-American diplomacy . . . it indicates the extent to which (the Russians) appreciated his usefulness.' The idea that the Russians would thus try to advance one of their agents, knowing that his cover must have been blown eight years before by the defection of Chambers, is simply loony. (Lord Halifax made a similar proposal to the Americans, which by Weinstein's logic ought to suggest that Hiss was a secret British agent.)

Weinstein even cites as incriminating (at third-hand) an ambiguous comment made ten years ago by Priscilla Hiss – now estranged from Alger – about 'cover-ups' in the case which supposedly sickened her. Weinstein had ample opportunity to confront Mrs Hiss with this story during his interviews with her, but he did not. And Mrs Hiss still maintains that her husband was innocent.

FOR ALL ITS faults, *Perjury* contains fascinating period material. Hoover's awesome egotism and paranoia pervade every chapter: we learn that he instituted a loyalty check on Prosecutor Murphy when Murphy obliquely criticised the FBI's failure to find the Woodstock. Apparently, Murphy was 'clean'.

'The Hiss case is a permanent war', wrote Whittaker Chambers: Weinstein's *Perjury* and next year's *coram nobis* petition are proof of that. For many Americans, believing in Hiss's guilt or innocence has become a political shibboleth: a choice between good and evil, between democracy and its enemies, between truth and falsehood, between patriotism and betrayal. If Hiss was framed, he was America's Dreyfus. If he has been lying for thirty years, his behaviour is one of the conundrums of human personality. So persuaded are Hiss's friends of his innocence that one of them is reported to have said that he would not believe Hiss to be guilty if Hiss himself admitted it.

One arrives at a balance of improbabilities. If Hiss was an important spy, why was he involved in the clumsy, dangerous process of re-typing a disconnected bunch of State Department documents, sometimes ones of stupefying uselessness? And why did he not destroy the typewriter and any other connection with Chambers (such as the Bokhara rug he admitted having been given by 'Crosley') as soon as his 'control' broke with the Party? If he was guilty of espionage, why did he seek confrontation – instead of shrugging off, as many others had done, Chambers's vague accusations of Communist 'sympathy'?

Yet if he is innocent, there is much to explain. No-one other than Clydie Catlett could remember Chambers as Crosley; there are the confidential documents linked to Woodstock 5N230099; that machine cannot be shown to have left Hiss's possession before 1938; most of all, there is no evidence of the method and motive Chambers would have required in framing Hiss (if that is what he did).

Hiss regards Weinstein's book as an elaborate hoax, and still, at 74, expects vindication. Yet next year's court petition, though it might result in a quashed conviction, cannot end the debate – for Hiss's innocence will not be officially proved even if he can show that the prosecution's behaviour was improper.

One member of the Un-American Activities Committee, baffled by the attempt to arbitrate between Alger Hiss and Whittaker Chambers, burst out: 'Whichever of you is lying is the greatest actor that America has ever produced.' The evidence still does not enable us to choose between the two. ●

# Will Rocard oust Mitterrand?

*Roger Cohen writes from Paris:* The Rocard Affair began on 17 September, when Michel Rocard, 48, Socialist deputy for Les Yvelines and former National Secretary of the Socialist Party, was interviewed on Europe One. Asked to explain the fall in popularity of current political leaders, he replied tartly, 'It is doubtless a certain political approach, a certain archaism that is being condemned. We must get closer to the facts, and speak the truth.' To which Francois Mitterrand, who seems to be getting tetchier with age, promptly replied: 'In 1933, Blum's political style was called archaic. Three year later there was the Popular Front.' The presidential elections of 1981 are, of course, just three years away. Since that hot little exchange, Michel Rocard has been the talk of Paris. Simultaneous cover stories in *L'Express* and *Le Point* have turned the conversation into an *affaire*. Successive public opinion polls in *Le Matin*, *Le Figaro* and *Le Point* all showed that Rocard would be a marginally more popular candidate in 1981 than Mitterrand.

Doubtless one reason why Rocard has been getting such extensive coverage in the conservative press is that he is considered, both by Giscard's UDF and Chirac's RPR, to be preferable to Mitterrand. Was it not Mitterrand who reaffirmed a week ago that 'a clean break with capitalism' was, in his opinion, the only possible stance for the opposition in France? Although there is no firm evidence that Rocard thinks differently (that would be going too far), it is generally known that he has less time for the ideological fixity of the Communist than Mitterrand, and that it was he who opposed the outright Nationalisation outlined in the ill-fated *'Programme Commun'*. Rightly or wrongly, the majority sees in Rocard, a graduate like Giscard of the national school of administration (ENA), a less intransigent opponent than Mitterrand.

Rocard, however, is refusing to affirm his candidature, He is certainly aware of the danger of the extensive press coverage: that it will set him up as a target within the PS (where loyalty to Mitterrand is strong), before his campaign is underway. Already his old ally, Pierre Mauroy, the influential Mayor of Lille and leader of the Socialist Party's vast Northern federation, has affirmed: 'For me, Mitterrand is the best presidential candidate for 1981.' But although he is biding his time, there can be little doubt that Rocard will act soon. He cannot be insensitive to the polls that have put him ahead. Like many others, he has been incensed by Mitterrand's view of the March defeat as a 'minor accident' on the inevitable Socialist path to power. When he said 'archaic', he meant it. Changes in Rocard's style (he has recently stopped smoking, and economic jargon has increasingly been cut from his speeches) show that he is studiously cultivating his public image. The good results of the PS in the recent regional elections, the crisis in the PC, and Mitterrand's falling popularity all favour him now. By 1988, he will be 58. Rocard knows that he has just one year to persuade the Socialist Party to adopt him as leader.

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# Marion Lowe: No equal pay for part-time workers

The Employment Appeals Tribunal drilled another hole in the well-perforated Equal Pay Act last week when a part-time worker was told she was not entitled to the same hourly rate as a man doing work indentical to hers on a full-time basis.

Kathleen Handley works as a machinist for an East End manufacturer of 'high class ladies fashion outwear'. When she and 17 of her female colleagues took claims for equal pay to an industrial tribunal, all but one lost. The tribunal decided that the variation in hourly rates between men and women doing 'like work' was justified because of a 'material difference' between the male and female cases. What constituted that 'material difference', said the tribunal, was the fact that the men worked full-time and the women part-time.

Ms Handley's union, the Tailor and Garment Workers' Union, backed her appeal to the EAT. It was clear to them that if the principle could be established that there should be equal pay for equal work regardless of the number of hours worked, then the position of thousands of part-time women workers would be improved. Arguing her case before the Appeals Tribunal, Ms Handley's lawyer made much of a recent ruling by Lord Denning that the Sex Discrimination Act and the Equal Pay Act should be interpreted as one harmonious code. In this context he argued that if part-time workers were paid less per hour than full-time workers, and if women were found more often than men in part-time jobs, because of their domestic role, then differences in hourly rates amounted to indirect discrimination and were unlawful. An employer who demanded that a full week be worked in order to earn a higher hourly rate was applying (in the words of the Sex Discrimination Act) 'a condition which is such that the proportion of women who can comply with it is considerably smaller than the proportion of men.'

The Appeals Tribunal was reminded of Lord Denning's judgment that Section 119 of the Treaty of Rome was relevant to equal pay claims in Britain. This Section states that pay for work at time rates shall be the same for both sexes if they are doing the same job; Lord Denning held that 'Community law may now have direct applicability and is supreme.'

However, the new Chairman of EAT, Mr Justice Slynn, took the view that a man and a woman are *not* doing the 'same job' under Section 119 when one works full-time and the other part-time. Lord Denning, he noted, had said that a liberal approach to the interpretation of Section 119 would be bound to produce some exceptions; and Denning had quoted the hypothetical example that length of service might be an acceptable reason for differing wage rates between one worker and the next. In the light of these words from the Master of the Rolls, Mr Justice Slynn decided it was possible to justify basic wage rates which differed according to the number of hours worked in a week.

What seems to have escaped the notice of EAT's new Chairman is that European and domestic legislation was intended to eradicate sex-linked wage differentials. Given that the great majority of part-time workers are women, those who drafted the laws could not have intended that part-time women workers should fall foul of narrow interpretations of such phrases as 'material difference' in the Equal Pay Act and 'the same job' in the Treaty of Rome.

Ms Handley's employer argued that she contributed less to the overall production of the business and the utilisation of company plant than someone who worked a 40-hour week – and this was accepted wholeheartedly by the Appeals Tribunal. Apparently, when Ms Handley is not at work, 'her machine stands idle'; she is thus penalised because her employer does not choose to hire another part-time worker to keep it running for the rest of the week.

According to Mr Justice Slynn, it was a point in the company's favour that it did not insist women worked 40 hours, but instead made concessions to them because their domestic obligations prevented them from working full-time. Can it really be a justification of lower pay for women that Ms Handley's working week is 'arranged so that she can conduct her family life at the same time'? The hand that rocks the cradle and also tends the machine three days a week should not have a reduced pay packet as its reward.

# Peter Lewis: Who will have control of Britain's airwaves?

In the same remarkable week for broadcasting, the Home Office has relaxed its four-year freeze on local radio – the BBC and IBA plans for expansion were announced on Tuesday – and the Report of the Select Committee on Nationalised Industries (SCNI), largely concerned with the IBA's conduct of commercial radio, has at last been made public.* Publication of the SCNI Report, placed on the floor of the House of Commons on 26 July has been held up till now by a combination of printing delays and diplomatic timing. Diplomatic, because the Home Office has been able to take advantage of the delay to disarm the criticism, expressed with irritation in several passages in the Report, that it has, since 1974, refused to allow the opening of more local radio stations. But now the BBC and IBA can go ahead with their long-planned expansion – and no prizes for predicting a self-congratulatory sentence in the Queen's Speech as a consequence.

Pity meanwhile poor Sub-Committee 'C' of the SCNI who, like a lumbering sheriff's posse, has pursued the IBA and the Home Office all summer, only to find its thunder stolen in the last reel. Their chief plea is for some formal recognition that the IBA is a permanent institution. In the last few years the IBA Act has been successively prolonged while the government made its mind up on the future of broadcasting. The government is castigated for taking so long over its Broadcasting White Paper (published in July); the IBA is urged to invite more public participation and make sure the commercial radio stations broadcast what they promise. The stations themselves are encouraged to widen their appeal to different audiences and age-groups.

These recommendations will especially please the Community Communications Group (COMCOM) – a lobby for community broadcasting – which in the last year or so has adopted a Naderist stance on the media and wants a 'third force' in broadcasting which can speak for the existing cable radio and TV sector. COMCOM, and its associate the Local Radio Workshop, gave evidence strongly critical of Home Office secrecy, and of IBA leniency over station promises and performance. The 'consumerist' line receives support in recommendations that 'the process of public consultation should be extended to cover future frequency assignment plans and discussions'; that the Home Office should allow MW and VHF transmissions to be split ('simulcasting', a peculiarly British practice, at present halves the amount of air space available) and that 'consideration should be given to the possibility of providing localised radio service within the London franchise area.' In effect, the report gives cautious encouragement to the government to break the duopoly of IBA/BBC: 'future plans for broadcasting in the United Kingdom should encompass the possibility of frequency assignments to provide very low-power transmission facilities for voluntary community radio services within small communities.' This last recommendation would open both the discussions and the radio frequency spectrum to groups such as those in the USA, Canada and Australia, who share the airwaves with professional broadcasters.

*HC 637-I & II, HMSO: Vol I Report & Proceedings £1, Vol II Minutes of Evidence and Appendices £5.50.

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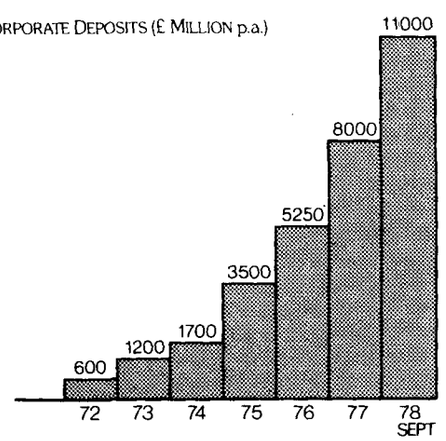


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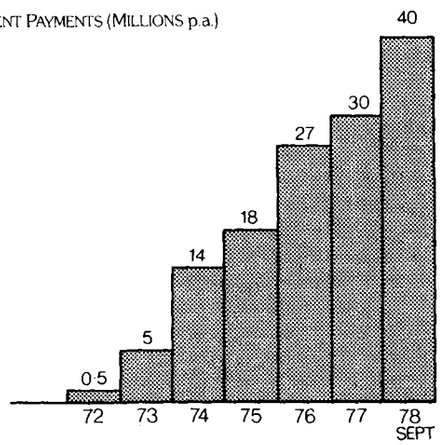


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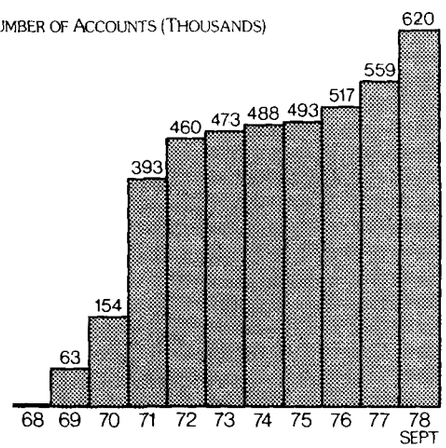


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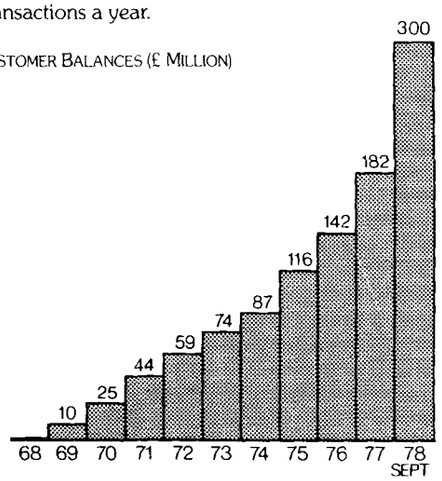


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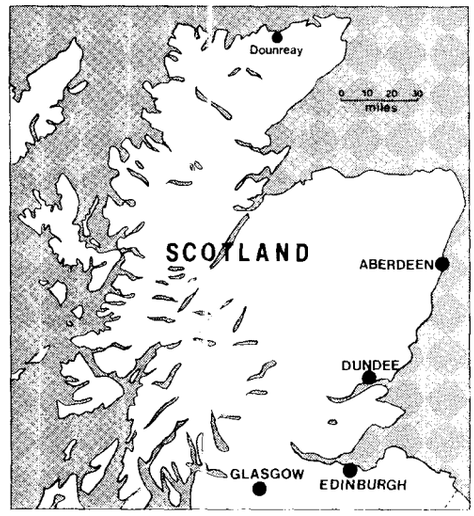
# Jeremy Bugler: Partial eclipse for friends of the fast breeder




After the impact of Justice Roger Parker's pugilistic Windscale report in the spring, some employees of the Atomic Energy Authority and its satellites thought they were going to sweep all before them. Britain's late entry into anti-nuclear ructions was going to be a brief affair, a movement with the staying power of the opposition to the 50p piece and the wallop of Vegetarians against the National Front. The Government won big majorities in the two Windscale votes, and Friends of the Earth were reduced to saying that more women MPs voted *contra* than *pro*. The Fast Breeder, laundered into 'The Fast Reactor' or 'CDFR1' (Commercial Demonstration Fast Reactor 1) is to the British Nuclear industry what K2 is to the mountaineer. It has been the technological target for decades, and Britain, having got two small scale fast breeders actually to work, is undeniably a front runner in this technology. The breeder lobbyists began to hope that they needed only the tedium of another public inquiry before they could send out to the tender contracts for the steel and concrete.

But now the mood has changed – not with anything like the political effect of Sweden's nuclear crisis, which actually brought down the government, but significantly nonetheless. The Atomic Energy Authority's Chairman Sir John Hill said recently that there was no chance of a Fast Breeder public inquiry until the latter part of 1979. Other UKAEA men privately say 1980 if they're lucky. Peter Shore, Environment Secretary and Benn at Energy have got round to stressing the 'ifs'. As Shore put it recently, '*Should* we be faced with another major proposed development in the nuclear energy field . . .'

Such conditionals give no comfort to the nuclear people. In fact, they are being undermined on a series of fronts. For a start, the Atomic Energy Authority is running into all sorts of trouble over its programme to do test drilling into bits of British rock where it might be able to dispose of its high-level waste. These high-level left-overs are what cause so many people concern about the wisdom of nuclear fission for energy; they don't like the idea of us leaving behind actinides (chiefly plutonium and americium) with half-lives of thousands of years.

The AEA started work on disposing of these wastes in the late fifties, but then gave it up, a decision for which it was chastised by Sir Brian Flowers's Royal Commission. Now the programme has been restarted, and the AEA is working on HARVEST, a programme to put the waste in glass blocks, then sink them down a deep hole in some rock where leaching water and earthquakes were unknown and which has the capacity to absorb the radiation should the blocks burst their containers.

Searching for these rocks, geologists have this year been stumping over likely formations, mostly in Scotland. They have then asked for planning permission to do test drillings. In every case but one, they have been refused or treated with hostility. Northumberland, Sunderland, Galloway have said no. For the nuclear industry, this refusal is unfair: waste disposal is a great problem and indeed anti-nukes see it as 'the soft under-belly' of the industry. But in attempting to solve the problem, the AEA gets no help. The AEA is now appealing against some of these refusals, but that means more arduous public inquiries which will become, inevitably, occasions for more nuclear protest.

The one site where the Authority has been welcomed is at a tiny railway halt, Altnabreac station, deep in the heather of Lord Thurso's estate, Caithness. Now Caithness is the home county of Dounreay and its two experimental fast breeders. As such it is the Bermudan Triangle of nuclear protestors: up there, they simply disappear. Caithness's small population of some 28,000 is heavily dependent on nuclear enterprise: some seven per cent of the total Caithness population works at the Dounreay Experimental Reactor Establishment.

John Young, local farmer and chairman of Caithness District Council, is also a member of the Highland Regional Council. He spent some days travelling down to Westminster with fellow councillors this summer, to lobby for the commercial-sized fast breeder to be sited at Dounreay. A neighbour that would terrify the Home Counties is beloved up near Dunnet Head.

It is not surprising, then, that Sir John Hill and the AEA have favoured a fast breeder public inquiry, when it comes, to be an all-in-one affair, preferably held in a hall near the proposed site of the reactor. The heady nuclear-is-nice ambience of Dounreay would be a pleasant setting.

But disappointment again for the nuclear industry: Peter Shore has recently spelt out that he favours a two-part inquiry ('*Should* we be faced . . .'). Part One would be a public examination to determine before a committee or commission the background and the need for the reactor. Part Two would be an inquiry about sticking it near, say, Thurso. Plainly, the nuclear opposition would have a fairer hearing at the general inquiry, probably held in London. It will be hard even for the Tories, who are yet more enthusiastic about nuclear power than Labour, to go back on Shore's decision.

Nuclear gloom is deepened further by signs that the Department of Energy's official forecasts of future energy demand are about to be forced down again. These forecasts are extremely important because they condition (or ought to) the rate at which new power stations are built. New work about to be published by the International Institute for Environment and Development, an independent group, is expected to show that quite exciting cuts in energy demand are possible by feasible economic energy conservation and by more sophisticated forecasting. Rumour has it that the IIED will show that a considerable cut in the official forecast of electricity demand – of around 80 gigawatts by the year 2000 – will be possible while allowing for continuing economic growth. Since each customer kilowatt – each one-bar electric fire – requires an estimated £500 worth of installed power generating capacity to serve it, the economic saving held out by IIED is formidable. At the same time, the Department of Energy's forecasters will find more disagreement with their work from the Energy Technology Suport Unit, sited within the sacred confines of Harwell. The Unit is to publish a discordant report soon.

Tony Benn is the human factor that may be moderating nuclear power in Britain. There are signs that he is taking seriously that Cinderella of energy technologies, combined heat and power (CHP). This system utilises the waste heat from electricity generating stations that the CEGB either dumps in rivers like the Trent or uses to warm the English air. CHP could save a considerable slice of our energy, not least because it is a *replacement* energy.

Benn is understood to be looking at some new power options for the South-West, including CHP. He has cancelled the planned Inswork Point oil-fired power station, near Plymouth. GEC shop stewards, worried about future orders, are also lobbying for CHP orders to keep their members in work. If CHP makes a break-out and some small-scale power stations with CHP start to be sited near population centres, it could significantly alter Britain's energy position. Estimates of the savings achieved by converting 25 per cent of the population to CHP vary from 7 to 25 million tons of coal equivalent (mtce), depending on the energy supply system. A Department working party thought 20 mtce a reasonable figure in the medium term. Since we consume a total of around 300 mtce in primary energy, for all purposes, such a saving is remarkable.

Benn, in short, is the first Minister to be working on an integrated energy supply system, under which the right fuels would be matched with the jobs they perform best, and needless wasteful competition would be eliminated. For the nuclear industry, this strategy does not spell oblivion, but it does hold out a more modest future.

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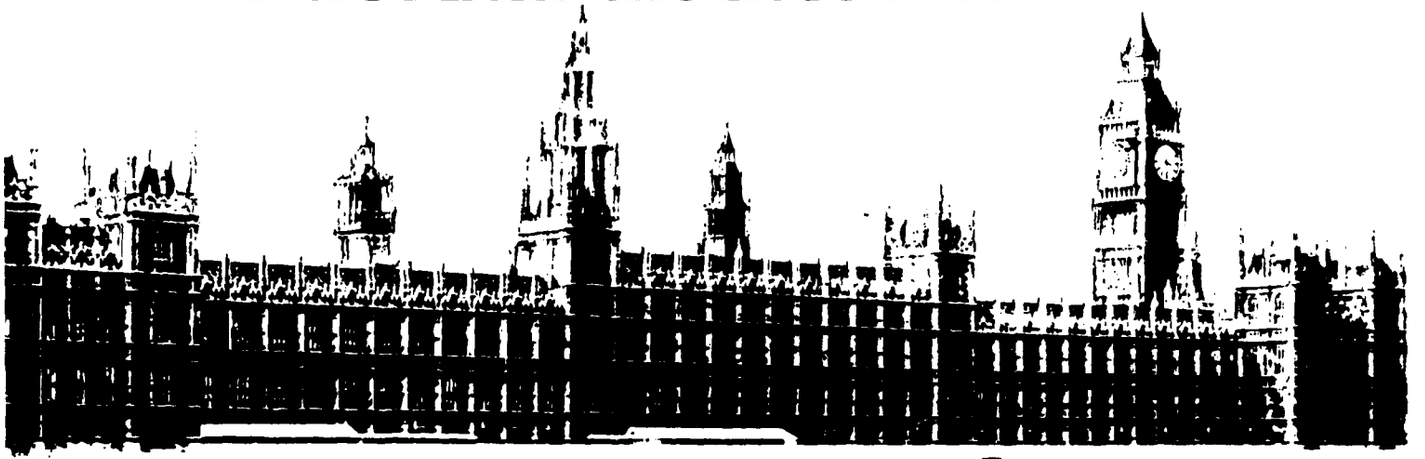

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# London Diary

☐ Having nothing better to do last Friday, I attended the annual ball of the South Buckinghamshire Young Conservatives Association, held at the pleasing venue of Heathrow Airport. Why, I asked one of the important ones (they had proper blue carnations) was he a Young Conservative and not a Young Socialist, or even worse? 'Well,' he explained, 'we've got more balls than they have.'

Willie Whitelaw, deputy leader of the Conservative Party, and guest speaker, was in equally fine form. The programme pointed out that socialists were 'grey formless egalitarians who would make even the giving of pleasure the monopoly of the State'. Mr Whitelaw was in a formless blue suit, and terribly egalitarian. Unable to get a taxi, he told the enrapt audience, he had come on the underground, only to find that there were people as portly as he was. Public images, he said, were very difficult.

After his masterly address, I asked Mr Whitelaw how he felt about the fact that, in view of his comments on the need for unity within the party, Mr Heath and Mr Healey appeared to be indulging in an unholy economic alliance. 'A mere detail, my dear', he said, 'I don't suppose there's much difference really between those who want to impose rigorous controls and those who would be more liberal'.

Perhaps more importantly for readers of the back page of *The Times*, I have fearful news about the Ashbrook-Pembleton-ffrenches, whose esoteric messages have long enlivened breakfast tables. A notice outside the dining-room announced that the APffs were seated at Table 13. Weaving my way through the Laura Ashleys and Ossie Clarks, I eventually established that Table 13 did not exist – nor did the APffs. The whole thing, I regret to say, has been a *jeu d'esprit* on the part of Hugh Simmonds, chairman of Beaconsfield Young Conservatives and prospective candidate for Leeds South. 'I was just trying to create an attractive Conservative image,' he explained, unapologetically. I shall never believe a word they say again.

☐ All opera productions are risky, if not downright foolhardy. It was inevitable that the first English National Opera outside London should suffer the usual pangs of parturition. The ENO opens in Leeds next month in the Grand Theatre, 100 years old and showing its age. While hasty decorations are carried out, the company has been rehearsing in a car park in Swinegate.

Still, by the time Prince Charles arrives for the second night, the theatre might just be ready. He has chosen to see the double bill of *Dido & Aeneas* and *Les Mamelles de Tiresias* (known in the trade as *Dildo & Anus* and *Tessa's Tits*). It was probably a wise choice. Poulenc's delightful spoof has, in addition to balloon breasts floating up to Heaven, the final chorus 'My dear friends, get yourself with child', which I have never quite understood, the opera being a plea for pacifism. It has the additional virtue of being produced by John Copley, a man so versatile that he once stood in as Tosca when Callas was unavailable, and also sang Lucia di Lammermoor for Scottish Opera when Elizabeth Harwood was taken ill. The Leeds venture is obviously to be watched with interest.

☐ Advertisement appearing in a recent edition of the Wivenfield parish magazine: 'Young man, 19, three 'A' levels, tired of office routine, seeks post that will satisfy his adventurous spirit. Will go anywhere in Haywards Heath.'

☐ Having known many West German millionaires (well, one or two) living in their New Brutalist homes on the *Havelsee*, permanently entranced by quadrophonic recordings of steam trains (while their many-tiered melamine refrigerators provide them with vodka, gin, dry white wine and Sauternes), I can do no more than recommend a new record from Decca this month. Entitled *Steam Through the Ages*, it includes the classic 'Winter on the Schiefe Ebene in West Germany.' True Eurosteam enthusiasts, however, will also enjoy 'An Afternoon at Barkston Junction' or the poetic 'Winter, on a Snowy Night at Princes Risborough.'

☐ With the whole silly U-non-U business being revived – *U and Non-U Revisited*, Debrett £3.75 – I was reminded that Properspeak is no longer limited to class. Standing at a bar, a friend, who could be anything from a Pakistani to an Armenian Jew (he is in fact English) was approached by a man who asked how he was enjoying our Indian summer. Something of a jokester, my friend, in his best Peter Sellers accent, demanded an immediate retraction. 'Terribly sorry, old chap,' the man replied, 'Of course, I meant *ethnic* summer.' Properspeak has even extended to worlds as yet unseen. A reviewer in the new science fiction magazine *Omni* gives a stern warning about semantics. Professor Magorah Maruyana, apparently, has been going on for years about the phrase 'space colonies' being particularly unfortunate, 'since the word *colonies* in any context provokes a negative reaction among Third World readers.' Alternative suggestions are 'space habitats' or, from Dr Timothy Leary, HOME (High-Orbital Mini-Earths). Any more ideas?

☐ Among the legacies left by the British Raj – railways, a civil service, democracy(?) – a lesser beneficence has been pursued by the Indian Prime Minister, Morarji Desai. In a recent television documentary, Mr Desai gave some of the credit for his longevity – he is 82 – to the fact that every day he drinks some of his own urine. He got the idea from *The Water of Life*, by J. W. Armstrong, first published here in 1944, and now reprinting. Urine therapy, Mr Armstrong claims, is useful among other things for gangrene, heart-disease, leukaemia, venereal diseases and the common cold. He has even unearthed Biblical precedent for the treatment, quoting from Proverbs, 'Drink waters out of thine own cistern.'

Oliver Gillie, medical correspondent for the *Sunday Times*, is sceptical. 'Urine is a way of eliminating poisons, all the waste products of metabolism. If you drank the whole lot you could kill yourself. Obviously, if you drank everything that needed to be eliminated, you would never eliminate anything, would you?' he said, with unerring logic. In the interests of NS readers, and to save you buying the book, I tried drinking urine for a few days. It made me feel distinctly worse. 'If I were you', said Oliver, 'I'd stick to the Gaelic water of life (usquebaugh, or whisky) or *eau de vie* (brandy).' I feel much better now.

☐ The choice of a Pope is as nothing compared with the quinquennial election of the Oxford Professor of Poetry, which comes up next month. Francis Warner, Oxford don, poet and playwright, is particularly good at emitting personalised puffs of smoke. He was defeated in 1973, despite the lavish lunch party he threw for 1,000 possible voters. He came fourth after John Wain, Stephen Spender and John Jones (currently favoured 4-5 by Ladbrokes).

Undismayed, he is fighting back with a grudge. He is running on a sympathy ticket, and directing ire against Dr Valentine Cunningham, a younger Oxford don who had the temerity to question – in the NEW STATESMAN – the value of a *festschrift* devoted to Warner at the admittedly early age of 40. Cunningham went on to say that Warner's plays were

> the direst brothel fantasy, a lash-up of tits and leather and chamber-pots, reducing people to vile bodily parts, unpleasant diseases or repellent animals and fish, viciously hacking with sharp instruments at their people's private parts . . .

Warner, naturally, did not go in for public protest, but circularised the English faculty. Cunningham, he claimed, has not seen any of his six plays, and had dismissed 20 years of scholarship – 'not one word of which he had read, possible because the bulk of it is in Latin and Greek.' 'Those who have attended the last two faculty meetings,' he continued, 'will know that Dr Cunningham has spoken at length, and in a way that puts himself in the right and (in particular) senior colleagues in the wrong, in a way that until he joined the faculty had been thought more appropriate to Cambridge.' This particular joke at the expense of the Other Place is perhaps ill-conceived: two of Warner's nominators, the Librarian of King's College and the Regius Professor of Hebrew at Corpus, are both Cambridge men. Warner concludes with a threat of something like industrial action. 'Those of us who have been on the receiving end of our young colleague's attacks,' he says, 'would like to place on record our unwillingness to serve on any Board of Examiners of which he is a member' – a prospect calculated to spread terror among the student body.

**Ruth Hall**

# This England

**Prizes: £3 book token for first entry, £2 tokens for others printed. Paste entries on a postcard.**

☐ Gray, who is now 42, gained a memorable insight into 'working together for the common good' in his early twenties, when, after graduating in engineering at London University, he obtained his first job, as a graduate apprentice helping to make Victor bombers at the Handley-Page aircraft factory, Cricklewood. – *The Times* (H. Henry)

☐ *The Generation Game* without Bruce Forsyth is like *Hamlet* without the Prince of Denmark. – Letter in *Radio Times* (R. Clark)

☐ Mrs Ayres said: 'I went in and said: "Guess what my husband brought home last night – a Canaletto." Nobody batted an eyelid. They thought it was some kind of spaghetti.' – *Daily Mail* (L. Thomas)

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# First Person

## Arthur Marshall

# Boots Boots Boots Boots

Invited earlier in the year to appear, if this doesn't seem too much like boasting, on the Russell Harty TV show, lavishly brought to us in glorious colour (I come out predominately beetroot) by London Weekend TV, I was asked a question by this charming interviewer concerning my NS work and its possible message and, briskly throwing aside the frivolous mask and speaking in all seriousness and from the heart, I replied immodestly that I regarded myself as being the Jeanette MacDonald of the prose world. Alas, the unthinking chose to suppose that I was joking but this was far from being so. I did not by this imply an approaching sex-change into another and even naughtier *Naughty Marietta*. I merely meant that, like that toothy songster from the world of celluloid, I too provide harmless, humdrum and airy nothings at regular intervals. I myself, as you'll have long since discovered to your advantage, can easily be ignored and avoided whereas, in her heyday, it was virtually impossible to avoid Miss MacDonald. But then, who wanted to?

Having followed attentively, as I always did, her dazzling career, there is one question to which I have never found a completely satisfactory answer. I mull the problem over from time to time and yet the puzzle remains a puzzle, its solution for ever maddeningly hidden. To get at the truth, one would need to have all her films shown simultaneously in some vast arena, a musical treat probably too difficult to arrange. The unanswerable query is, in which of her many films did Miss MacDonald actually sing *loudest*? She was certainly at full voice in both *The Vagabond King* and *Rose Marie*. Sometimes I think that *One Hour With You* was loudest, sometimes *The Merry Widow*. Ah well. Never mind. She provided, in *The Love Parade*, one of my favourite moments in films. She was, I think, a Princess of some foreign kind and, abandoning for the moment her dream lover, Maurice Chevalier, she strode forth, dressed as a Grenadier, to review her troops. They sang, and she, heaven knows, sang right back at them. At one point, facing them all drawn up on parade, she shrieked, with no trace of emotion, the line 'My heart is aflame with your loyalty'. Delicious.

How different and exciting prewar life would have been for the boys in the Oundle School O.T.C. if we had had tuneful Miss MacDonald to review us. The O.T.C. was periodically 'inspected' but only by Major-Generals with gingery moustaches. The initials O.T.C. stood, of course, for Officers' Training Corps, though I could never quite follow whether this meant that we were all being trained to be officers or were merely a batch of cannon-fodder being marched about by officers to keep *them* in training. As the phrase 'officers and gentlemen' was then popular, I rather fancy that the former of the two explanations is the correct one, much emphasis being laid in our scholastic life on gentlemanly behaviour. To remain in the ranks would then have been far from gentlemanly. The O.T.C. has been renamed the C.C.F., which stands for Combined Cadet Force and is much more realistic. I gather that participation in it is nowadays a good bit more enlivening than in my day, when nothing remotely interesting ever happened and total boredom reigned supreme. Our hearts were aflame with nothing whatsoever except resentment. Nobody could have appeared less like dear Jeanette than the officers who commanded us. Deepest depression was their, and indeed our, portion.

But I seldom remained depressed for very long. As with some other occupations in school life, we learnt to remove the mind by inventing a dream world to which we could fly and there was to hand a meaty antidote to the O.T.C. in the shape of the enormously popular Foreign Legion yarns of P.C. (Percival Christopher) Wren. When marching endlessly down the dusty, winding roads of Northamptonshire (in other circumstances, a county of great charm and beauty), it helped greatly to imagine that we were in North Africa and about to be attacked at any moment by rascally Arabs and Touaregs whose age-old customs, after a skirmish, of laying out and paying the last courtesies to their enemy dead left so very much to be desired, not to speak of one or two portions missing. On field days against other schools, our battle cry of 'death to the infidel!' much startled the saintly boys of the opposing forces (usually Rugby or Uppingham). But I fear that none of our officers, in addition to failing to look like Jeanette MacDonald, could manage the faintest resemblance to the tyrannical Sergeant Lejaune (*jaune* my foot) of *Beau Geste* with his thrilling brutalities and insults and crosspatch cries of 'God smite you, you unspeakable corruption!' and 'I'll teach you, you swine!' and 'Silence, dog!'

But it is extraordinary to discover that, apart from the really wild improbabilities of Wren's masterpiece (words normally reserved solely for St Paul's but which are here intended for *Beau Geste*), the descriptions of life in the Legion appear to have been little exaggerated. Simon Murray, late of Bedford School, joined the Foreign Legion in 1960 during the North African upheavals, and his book, *Legionnaire* (Sidgwick & Jackson, £6.95) tells of his five years' service in the breezy manner of a public school prefect showing off a little in the common room. Rigged out in the uniform with the blue cummerbund and bright red epaulettes (which we last saw, I fancy, on Gary Cooper), he knows what to do when some skulking Spaniard pinches his seat on the train ('I yanked him to his feet and threw him the length of the carriage'). Foreigners aren't too greatly admired, especially a swarthy frog ('He's puke-making and has guts made of lime juice') and Lieutenant Lasalle ('little French creep') and Lieutenant Otard ('rather wet-looking'), but how very jolly that it's hooray for us all over everywhere ('The English appear to be held in high regard'). And so, with an occasional home-sick thought ('Oh to be in England – parties, friends, *The Times*'), a musing or two about Life ('How quickly turns the wheel of fate') and grapes in abundance ('one hell of a laxative'), he settles down to the extremely Spartan regime interspersed with the comforts provided by stupendous boozing and, in Mr Murray's case, enormous food parcels arriving at intervals from Fortnum and Mason.

By way of keeping order, the NCOs laid about them with rifle butts ('Ledermann is down to his last three teeth') but the right sort of chap can always admire here and there 'a certain toughness, indelible in those who are made of the right fibre'. I regret to say, however, that there are some wonky fibres about and that there were 136 deserters in the space of four months. Chaps from comprehensives, I wouldn't be at all surprised.

## Roger Woddis

# Elegy written in a cottage hospital

The patient turns a subtle shade of grey,
  The Secretary sips his Whitehall tea:
'I'm sorry they can't operate today,
  But blame it on the engineers, not me.'

Now bleed the hearts of hitmen everywhere,
  And deep compassion shows its tearful face,
Save where the media are taking care
  No one shall know the supervisors' case.

The worthies of the hellfire-breathing kind,
  The interviewer with the jagged knife,
The public figure with an axe to grind
  May rave but cannot save a single life.

Let them not lay about them with a scourge,
  Call up the troops, declare a state of war;
Better to find a cure and gently urge
  The simple-minded Ennals to the door.

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# Letters to the Editor

## Misinformation unit

*Sir,* Christopher Hird (NS 13 October) criticises the EIU report *Public Ownership in the Construction Industries* which he suggests reaches its conclusions by way of prejudice and selective argument.

I would assure him that prejudice was absent. I must also point out that one of the two quotations used to make his case does not differ too far from two points made in the Labour Party Document *Building Britain's Future* which speaks of the need for a basis of competition and elsewhere of 'risks of bureaucratisation'. We should, of course, apologise for giving this latter word wider currency.

We have never claimed that we have produced the definitive study of the nationalised industries. We have looked at some aspects of some industries and attempted to draw some lessons and examples. Mr Hird is of course, at liberty to look at others and draw his own conclusions.

Finally, Mr Hird makes much of the question of productivity. It is indeed difficult to measure. Mr Fleming of Loughborough has attempted it: so have we. Neither we, nor apparently Mr Fleming, are particularly satisfied with the precision of our results, and we say so in our report. We made our attempt using 1976 census and other data when evidence suggests that there may have been 200,000 lump workers. It is the reddest of herrings for Mr Hird to say that elsewhere in our report we estimate that there are 70,000-90,000 such workers. This is based on CITB levy returns and refers to 1978 as anyone who has read this section of the report will have seen.

MICHAEL J. WEST

*Economist Intelligence Unit*
*27 St. James's Place*
*London SW1*

*Sir,* Christopher Hird, writing about the report of the Economist Intelligence Unit (EIU) on *Public Ownership in the Construction Industries*, refers to work of mine. These references, however, are in need of correction:

1) With regard to the comparison of output per man of direct labour organisations and private contractors made by myself and the EIU, the most striking thing is the measure of agreement between our estimates not the differences which Hird finds. The differences are due partly to differences in timing – the EIU was able to use 1976 data whereas mine were for 1975. The main difference, however, is that the EIU, unlike myself, attempt to quantify the output and employment of 'lump' labour by contractors. I did not attempt to quantify this item since there are no firm statistics available, but I do devote considerable attention to its influence on the comparison, as do the EIU. For some reason this seems to have escaped Hird's attention.

Further, your readers should be made aware that the comparisons of the two types of organisation are made in terms of output per head on *comparable* work – viz. new housebuilding in the public sector. Stress by Hird, therefore, upon differences in construction work and in particular the large proportion of repair and maintenance work carried out by direct labour is misplaced and misleading.

2) A quotation is attributed to me which stresses the difficulties in making productivity measurements for the construction industry. This quotation is taken out of context and is irrelevant to the above comparisons. The quotation refers to the assessment of productivity change over time (when costs and prices change) and for the whole of construction (involving a varying mix of different types of work). In contrast the comparisons referred to above relate to a comparable type of work (new public sector housing) at a single point of time. It may be noted too that the quotation is taken from an unpublished draft without the normal courtesy of first seeking the author's prior approval.

In my view it is highly desirable that the merits of direct labour organisations should be debated in an economic, rather than a purely political, context. May I say, therefore, that the purpose of my original article and this letter is to help to maintain the clarity of the economic issues.

M. C. FLEMING
*Senior Lecturer*

*Department of Economics*
*University of Loughborough*

*Christopher Hird replies:* Sorry to return to the original texts, but the Labour party document said:

> Provided there is an effective framework of national planning, we see no need for public intervention in industry to be based exclusively on the centralised public corporation, with its associated risks of bureaucratisation.

The EIU document said:

> Obeisance is similarly paid to competition and the need to avoid bureaucratisation. It is therefore necessary to examine whether the measures proposed would permit competition to be maintained in the long run, since, without it, bureaucratisation would be unavoidable.

Mr West reckons that these two quotations do 'not differ too far'. Readers must judge for themselves.

On the question of the number of lump workers, the EIU report says:

> Labour-only sub-contracting (LOSC) is essentially a phenomenon related to conditions of full employment. The practice has diminished substantially during the present recession. CITB returns record a fall of 21 per cent in self-employed labour-only workers between October 1974 and April 1977. Although CITB data are likely to understate the true extent of labour-only working, they imply, when grossed up in proportion to the workforce registered by the DoE, that there may now be no more than 70,000-90,000 LOSC in the industry . . . However these estimates will remain subject to uncertainty until the CIMB reports on its investigations of the matter.

Again, readers must judge whether the 70,000-90,000 lump workers the EIU says there are today, are comparable with the 200,000 they say there were in 1976.

Mr Fleming says he did not attempt to quantify the impact of the lump. In fact, he did reckon his calculations took adequate account of it:

> Information available about the value of payments made to LOSC suggest that the orders of magnitude involved here are not so large as to disturb the broad tenor of our results and, indeed, given the over-allowance we have made for profits, we feel confident in not attempting to make any further, less well-founded, allowance for LOSC.

Secondly, new house building in the public sector is not comparable with new house building by DLOs. DLOs do more conversion, more site development and less industrial building work than private contractors. And Mr Fleming says that his productivity comparisons are not open to the same objections as comparisons over time. Yet in the same section of his paper which I quoted in my article he says gross output is not a good indicator because the ratio of bought-in materials to total output is 'critically' important. That is precisely the argument over the sums on DLO's productivity. Finally, I'm sorry I did not ask Mr Fleming's permission to quote his work – I assume he is not ashamed of it.

## The Yard replies

*Sir,* In his review (NS 13 October) of Sir Robert Mark's book, Geoffrey Robertson stated: ' "Set a policeman to catch a policeman" works only when the set policemen have the will to catch and A10 without Mark is already beginning to look like an engine without a starter.' In fairness to the many dedicated officers who are engaged on this distasteful task I write to protest at this inaccurate and biased statement. It may interest you to know that A10 ceased to exist 18 months ago when it was absorbed into the Complaints Investigation Bureau which is under the direct command of the Deputy Commissioner. This has brought together the sections at Scotland Yard which deal with the receipt and disposal of complaints (CIB1), the investigation of complaints (CIB2) and the discipline of officers (CIB3). The officers of CIB2 have shown the same dedication to duty as their predecessors in A10. Even a cursory look at the news published of the suspension of officers will show that the Metropolitan Police has continued to demonstrate its ability and willingness to weed out its own dishonest and corrupt police officers. This is not surprising because many of the senior and junior officers who served Sir Robert in this task remain and are giving equal assistance to me. I should be grateful if you would let me know, if you desire it in confidence, what evidence you have, if any, to justify the remarks in your review quoted above.

DAVID MCNEE

*New Scotland Yard*
*Broadway*
*London SW1*

Geoffrey Robertson has indicated that he intends to reply to Sir David McNee in confidence.

## Organic housing finance

*Sir,* My pamphlet on the organic reform of housing finance will be criticised, suggests Stephen Marks (NS 13 October), for not finding a radical socialist answer to the problem of rising interest rates. I did deal with this very fully. Real interest rates ought to be negligible because they have so little exceeded the rate of inflation. The problem arises, however, because high interest and inflation rates shift the entire burden onto the early years of loans and thereby increase unfairness. Councils which have small programmes benefit while councils with big programmes are penalised. Similarly, house-owners of long standing benefit while first time buyers are penalised. Indexation would by-pass this problem. The socialist answer would be to extend cross-subsidisation *between* authorities and to rearrange the incidence of mortgage relief. Yet the DoE's housing policy review said 'No' to both ideas.

BERNARD KILROY

*104 Princes House*
*Kensington Park Road,*
*London W11*

## Black slander

*Sir,* Being called an extremist by Mr Paul Foot (NS 20 October) made my day. It is a marvellous case of the chamber pot calling the kettle a katabolic receptacle, or being abused as a fascist by Mussolini, or as humourless by . . . well let's leave it. Is Mr Foot seriously saying that those who make their reputation by invective (surely Mr Foot?) should never threaten to sue anybody for libel or slander? And doesn't truth come into it – or does Mr Foot find this naïve? Perhaps Mr Foot could make his position clear on this as there might be one or two things I would like to say about him. A legal guarantee of immunity from him would be splendid.

MICHAEL IVENS

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*5 Plough Place*
*Fetter Lane*
*London EC4*

## Word for word

*Sir,* 'Quirk was bitching away about "militate against" ' (NS 20 October). No, I was just talking. And no, it was about *'mitigate* against'. Since Julian Barnes seems to feel much as I do about the 'Grouser's Slot', I'm sorry to grouse at him. If he was perhaps distracted that night by thinking (as he did about Sir Alfred Ayer) that I would tumble off my seat, he may of course plead militating circumstances.

RANDOLPH QUIRK

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# BOOKS IN GENERAL

Malcolm Bradbury

# The Wound and the Bow

**Scott and Ernest** by MATHEW J. BRUCCOLI *Bodley Head* £6.95
**Ernest Hemingway and His World** by ANTHONY BURGESS *Thames & Hudson* £4.50

All friendships are fragile, but none can be more precarious than a friendship between two writers – especially if both are of one sex, are leading figures of their time, and yet stand for different versions of the contemporary potential of literature. Good writers, especially when successful, often think they own writing, and since writing is the fictional ordering of life, they often incline to think they own that too. If they write life right, it must follow that other writers write it wrong.

Nonetheless, there is the companionship of the craft, and the special admirations writers acquire for the works of others. Friendships often ensue, but on difficult terms. It will be saddening to see how one's friends go amiss, though of course they inevitably will. They will marry foolish partners, damaging to their talent as well as probably to the friendship itself. They will pick silly friends who will mislead them about where the adjective is going in our time. However, if their failures will be tragic, so too will be their successes. They will be for the wrong books, or the wrong reasons. In any case, success is a betrayal of the friendship. Here is a so-called friend publishing another best-seller in the same season, appearing as counter-claimant for the same literary honour (Booker, Pulitzer, Nobel), or offering critical judgments – which, however favourable, must be foolish – on one's work, competing for the attention of the same publisher, perhaps even having a better one. To complicate matters further, the literary friendship often appears in the literature of the literary friends. The effects of this are usually destructive, as with all portraits of 'real' relationships in fiction, though to an especial degree since the other writer has an equal entitlement to the subject.

In short, literary friendship is a minefield, waiting to explode when anything goes wrong. And so it was with Ernest Hemingway and Scott Fitzgerald. As Mathew Bruccoli reminds us in his new study of the subject, the friendship started on an odd balance. They met in 1925, when Fitzgerald was the author of three widely known novels and consuming his talent at speed, and Hemingway was virtually unknown. Yet it was Fitzgerald's admiration for Hemingway that motored the relationship. Fitzgerald ensured Hemingway's publication with his own good publisher, Scribner's, and advanced his case everywhere. He read, and made valuable suggestions about, the typescript of *The Sun Also Rises*, which the following year made Hemingway a success. From the start, Fitzgerald deferred to Hemingway, exposing his wounds, confiding his anxieties. He was foolish enough to consult Hemingway on the size of his penis, which Zelda had disparaged: Hemingway and other objective testers later found it normal, but it didn't help. Hemingway was to exploit the episode in his late *A Moveable Feast*, a text displaying considerable contempt for Fitzgerald. By then, of course, Fitzgerald was dead, and Hemingway a Nobel Prize winner. In the competition of literary friendship, it was easy to see who had won, and what had won: a version of the writer and of writing.

The fact is that Fitzgerald and Hemingway were superficially similar but fundamentally different kinds of literary performer. Both were essential voices of their era, the Twenties; both took the American novel into the world league. In different ways, *This Side of Paradise* (1920) and *The Sun Also Rises* (1926) spoke for the neo-Romantic, dandyish styles and anguishes of a generation cut off from its predecessors by a war to which Hemingway went and got wounded, and to which Fitzgerald almost went, getting on to a troopship only to find that they were signing the Armistice. This gave Hemingway an edge in that crucial possession of the age, the wound of war and modernity. Both won best-selling success, but Fitzgerald first and suddenly, so his career seemed to go into a downward curve, Hemingway later and more securely, so that his career pointed upward. Both undertook to merge new life-style and new art-style, but in opposite ways.

For Hemingway, the wound was something to overcome, through stoicism, existential precision, economical constraint of self and of language. As Anthony Burgess puts it in his book – a bouncy rewrite of the standard Carlos Baker biography, with excellent illustrations and some odd variants (Burgess wounds Hemingway at Fossalta in the opposite leg from earlier commentators) – Hemingway the man 'was as much a creation as his books, and a far inferior creation'. The hardshell stoicism of that creation made him a writer who contains and formalises those inner elements of consciousness and psychology that drive him into writing. Fitzgerald did not believe in containment; he spread himself through and into the culture, diving, like Dick Diver, into disorder, waste and psychic stress.

The result was that the space opened up between two different sorts of modern writer. We have two modern arts: one of controlled stylistic economy and form, another of immediacy, confession, risked consciousness. Fitzgerald *is* one of his beautiful and damned; Hemingway observes the damnation but seems to stand beyond it in stoic control, seeking an heroic stance. In personal matters, Hemingway distrusted Fitzgerald's entire performance. He could not hold his liquor, control his fellow-drunks, manage his writing, manage his wife.

> How could he ever know people except on the surface when he never fucked anybody, nobody told him anything except as an answer to a question and he was always too drunk late at night to remember what anybody really said,

Hemingway observed to Malcolm Cowley. For Hemingway, the writer's true appointment was with experience; from this he got his authenticity, his sense of life and the true sentence. Fitzgerald lacked this precision. Of the many crises in the relationship, one came when Fitzgerald published his 'Crack-Up' essay. It is in fact an extraordinary essay about the writer's historical exposure, drawing close connections between Fitzgerald's own disorders of consciousness and the economic and social fragmentations of the times. Hemingway read it as dangerous weakness, and published, in the same magazine, his story 'The Snows of Kilimanjaro', which refers to 'poor Scott Fitzgerald' and identifies him with cowardice.

But by now Hemingway had become fiercely self-protective about his friendships, largely limiting contacts to admirers and non-writers. His own existential, stoical performance was breaking him in mind and body. His feelings about 'weakness' had been enlarged by the suicide of his father, defeated by his woman. Finally Hemingway's shell collapsed; he died in psychosis and suicide, 20 years after Fitzgerald's sad death. Did he win for literature? Since then, we seem to have moved back towards an age of writing as confession. Confession is a place where much of writing starts: a place of self-revelation, accusation, and attack. This we may contain by form, by the Jamesian panoplies or the more complex stoicism that Hemingway modelled for us. Books will be dramatised, completed, made secure as texts. On the other hand, we may, as Norman Mailer proposes, commit ourselves primarily to risking consciousness itself. Writing will then have raw edges, a sense of incompleteness, a quality of pained exposure. It will move closer to the first-person and the present tense. Fitzgerald's disaster was not entire; his lesson holds.

The Hemingway-Fitzgerald friendship, if that is the right word, is a modern fable, interestingly re-analysed and set straight, given the many errors that have accumulated around it, in Mathew Bruccoli's book. There are small lessons about friendship in it, and big ones about writing, including its options today. There may even be lessons for computer-dating: can you, ever, match writers as friends?

Robert Conquest

## Verse Translation

*(Sundance Mine Bar, Palo Alto)*

Tenebrous cave! I chew my pen in
Undifferentiated half-light:
Right rendezvous to take to transit
Two tongues, two poetries, two cultures.

I search for word, for rhyme, for tempo.
The tiny, graceful student waitress
Soon understands I didn't *want* ice
In my faintly watered bourbon.

And that's Anglo-yankee contact!
Well, one does one's bloody best, man.
Hi there, Alex Solzhenitsyn!
– Bourbon? Oh, I'll switch to vodka.

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Denis Donoghue

# All Talk

**James Joyce: A Student's Guide** by MATTHEW HODGART *Routledge & Kegan Paul* £5.95 and £2.95
**Joyce's Voices** by HUGH KENNER *Faber* £5.50

Two good books, but good for different readers. Matthew Hodgart's book has in view 'university students reading for honours degrees in English Literature and general readers who are interested in Joyce'. Hugh Kenner does not specify his readership, but his style will warn off those who have not already found it an exotic pleasure.

Hodgart begins by reciting those bits of Irish legend and history which turn up in Joyce: Finn MacCool, Parnell, the Phoenix Park murders, Pigott, etc. etc. He assumes that English readers will find this material boring but says that a bit of it will be good for them. He has a short chapter on selected episodes in Irish literary history, mainly Swift, Sterne, Wilde and Yeats; and another on Joyce the Man, concentrating on his body and its interests (mainly drink, in excess, and sex, in perversion and fantasy). With these matters out of the way, Hodgart reaches for the books, running quickly through *Dubliners* and the *Portrait*. His line on Stephen Dedalus is sensible: an heroic figure, yes, forging the uncreated conscience of his race, 'but he cannot cease to be a creature of his time and place, and that means he is also a rather affected and conceited young provincial, trying to be a colder fish than he can ever be'. Yet Hodgart's real interest is *Ulysses* and *Finnegans Wake*, both of which he regards as veiled autobiography.

He reads *Ulysses* mainly with religion in mind: Bloom as God the Father, Stephen God the Son, and the creative spirit itself, Art, as the Holy Ghost. This is not as factitious as it sounds. But in any case Hodgart doesn't insist on it; he is more concerned with the individual chapters of the book and the pleasure of going through them. He says that the whole book has a moral, 'the rejection of violence, whether the violence of Fenian terrorism or that of Don Giovanni's *machismo*', but I can't see what light this throws on the text. The really valuable thing is Hodgart's elucidation of each chapter; necessarily brief, but detailed enough to give a new reader something to hang on to when the going gets hard. Similarly with *Finnegans Wake*. Hodgart doesn't claim to have solved the book, he doesn't even say whether it's a great thing or not – it may be 'a glorious failure'. Not the best way to end a student's guide, I think. But Hodgart is very helpful on the bits of the *Wake* he has worked out: these are mostly the pages in which the basic motifs are taken from music, ballads and opera. For the rest, he thinks the book just too hard to read, too much of a (presumably) good thing. And he deplores Joyce's recourse, often ill-informed, to far-flung languages.

*A Student's Guide* is, then, a sensible, useful book. *Joyce's Voices* speaks in a different tongue. Based on the 1975 T. S. Eliot Lectures, the text has presumably been revised and extended to acquire the decorum of a book; it is written in Kenner's most elegant, epicurean style. As for its argument, the basic idea is that 'Joyce's fictions tend not to have a detached narrator, though they seem to have'. Even in *Dubliners*, 'the illusion of dispassionate portrayal seems attended by an iridescence difficult to account for until we notice one person's sense of things inconspicuously giving place to another'. This happens, apparently, even within a single sentence. The reader of the *Portrait* is informed at one point that 'every morning, therefore, Uncle Charles repaired to his outhouse but not before he had greased and brushed scrupulously his back hair and brushed and put on his tall hat'. Wyndham Lewis thought 'repaired' a lapse on Joyce's part. Kenner denies the lapse, and says that 'it would be Uncle Charles's own word should he chance to say what he was doing'. I agree: the sentence accommodates the detached narrator who, in turn, allows a speck of Uncle Charles's characterising vocabulary to attend our sense of him on his way to the privy. In *Ulysses* this procedure is fully developed. Just as Homer's epic features Homer and his Muse, so *Ulysses* features two differentiated voices. One is the voice of a narrator going about his business in the expected style of his day: i.e. 1904. The second is the voice of the Muse, now bending to an occasion in a gesture impersonating the character who inhabits it, now straightening up to resume, in a self-pleasing and often insolent spirit, the vatic role. These two narrators proceed according to different vocabularies, and at any carefully adjudged moment one or the other will seize the pen or the microphone.

Presumably Kenner got this idea by pondering the two voices in the 'Ithaca' episode and hearing them in other places where their presence is not so well advertised. It is not a matter of 'the artist as ventriloquist': quite the reverse, because both voices insist upon being audible. It is a bit like the old notion of imagery in a Shakespeare play, where the metaphors are deemed to carry a structure of meaning separable from anything the individual characters are intending: a metalanguage, conveying not the immediate matter but its heart. With the two voices, I have two problems. One: I can see that, given two voices characterised more or less in Kenner's way, most things in *Ulysses* are explicable, but I am not convinced that the terminology of 'voice' goes all the way. I think there are things in the book which call for explanation in terms of language itself and its functions. To speak of voices is to tie everything to persons, real or imagined: there are forms of language in *Ulysses* which seem to defeat every personal ascription. My second problem is, as usual, Kenner himself; I'm not sure where he stands in all this. Hasn't he criticised Empson, in *Gnomon*, for acting on the belief that words are more the property of speakers than of things? This belief is essential to *Joyce's Voices*. Kenner hasn't a word to say against Joyce's procedure, which assumes that a true sentence cannot find its truth in any relation to the phenomena it ostensibly names, but must settle 'for being true to the voice that utters it'. This was the sole truth available in Dublin, *circa 1904*: the moral life, according to Kenner's Joyce, had nothing to do with phenomena or reality but was entirely a rigmarole of voices listening to themselves and turning that habit into a style.

I have to be heavy-handed about this. It is not clear from *Joyce's Voices* whether (a) Kenner thinks that the procedure of *Ulysses* was Joyce's way of mocking a town in which reality was reduced to endless talk, or (b) Kenner thinks that words are indeed more the property of speakers than of things. Anent (b), there is this evidence: when Kenner describes those who think that words are chiefly the property of phenomena, he makes them sound highly eccentric – Royal Society mechanists, crazy atomists. But in other books, especially the study of Wyndham Lewis, and generally in his 'objectivist' mood, Kenner has insisted that if you don't attach words to things, you drive the whole thing mad. To read *Ulysses*, you have to understand Joyce's Dublin, which believed 'that no one at bottom knows what he is talking about because there is nothing to know except the talk'. Furthermore: when statements can have no substance they can only have style; and style is the man, the man is his style.

Elsewhere I have suggested an explanation for Kenner's procedures: when annotating a major writer, he joins his Cabinet, and writes his editorials and policy-statements. Casuistry? Well, maybe so, but everybody knows how easy it is to get into the rhythm of a writer you admire. Kenner has publicly admired several writers whose procedures may be philosophically incompatible: Joyce, Eliot, Wyndham Lewis, William Carlos Williams, Pound, Beckett, Zukofsky. While he writes on any one of these, he yields to him his mind and his rhetorical finesse, both remarkable forces. But one of these days I wish to God he'd write a book called *What I Believe* or *This Above All*. Finally, a terrific misprint, especially appropriate in a book that has much to say about commas in Joyce's 'Eveline'. The blurb says that 'Hugh Kenner is Andrew W. Mellon, Professor in the Humanities at Johns Hopkins University'.

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Rosemary Dinnage

# Syko

**Jung: Man and Myth** by VINCENT BROME *Macmillan* £6.95

'So at last we are rid of them,' wrote Freud in 1914, 'the brutal and sanctimonious Jung and his disciples.' 'He seemed at once powerful and simple,' said one of the innumerable female devotees, 'real the way the sky and rocks and trees and water around him were real.' Jung is a slippery fish to catch – Vincent Brome certainly has not succeeded in catching him; but the main thing about him surely is that he was neither as bad nor as good as he has, at times, been cracked up to be.

Not as bad: anti-Semitism is the worst charge, and in disentangling the facts of the case Brome finds them to be unsavoury, but not totally damning. In 1934 Jung agreed to take over the editorship of a German psychiatric journal on terms conciliatory to the Nazis, and wrote a few fatal sentences in his introduction. The 'Aryan unconscious', they ran, has a higher potential than the Jewish, which is 'the advantage and disadvantage of a youthfulness not yet fully escaped from barbarism'; it has been wrong to use Jewish stereotypes throughout psychiatry and in doing so 'medical psychology has declared the most precious secret of the Germanic peoples – the creatively prophetic depths of soul – to be a childishly banal morass' (the Aryans appear to be both barbaric and creatively prophetic). He has been accused of anti-Semitism but

> the source of this suspicion is Freud. He did not know the Germanic soul any more than did all his Germanic imitators . . . Has the mighty apparition of National Socialism which the whole world watches with astonished eyes taught them something better?

Jung was never allowed to forget the words; and never ceased to insist that he took over the journal only to enable German psychiatrists to go on publishing. In 1946, however, calling on a Jewish friend who had refused to see him, he said: 'Well, I slipped up.' The friend was apparently won over by the conversation.

It seems that Jung was not so much anti-Semitic as, by this time, violently bitter about and jealous of Freud. 'That accursed correspondence', he said of his letters to him; that 'unfortunately inexpungeable reminder of the incredible folly that filled the days of my youth'. But – on another occasion – 'even in the teeth of my resentment, without [Freud] I wouldn't have had a clue'. But in his part in the great Freud-Jung rupture (whose crackling drama is allowed to fizzle out in Brome's hands) Jung was again not quite the villain it is claimed. In a sense the stage was set for his defection before he ever walked on to it; the drama had been compulsively played out before in Freud's life. Freud's alarmingly swift adoption of Jung as his Crown Prince was rich with ambivalence from the start: lamentations about his great age and imminent retirement alternate with the silkiest of put-downs throughout his letters to Jung. By the end, Jung seems more like a maddened young bull breaking china than a Judas, and he was the loser by the inevitable rupture: leaving behind the many ideas he had in common with Freud, he was left to over-cultivate his few original ones to a florid luxuriance.

He was never to be able, however, to disentangle his name from Freud's. 'We grisly old Sykos have done our unsmiling bit on alices when they were yung and easily freudened': Joyce appears in the story in an episode that might have come out of *Travesties*. According to Brome's account, a wealthy American woman in Zurich became patroness to both Joyce and Jung (though Jung already had a rich wife); she decided that Joyce needed to have an analysis with Jung. Joyce was enraged. Later his psychotic daughter had some unsuccessful treatment from Jung and Joyce's hostility increased. Jung's comment, though, is perceptive: father and daughter were like 'two people going to the bottom of a river, one falling and the other diving'. Jung *was* perceptive and highly intelligent, it is clear from letters and anecdotes; once again he has been unfairly rated as an addlepate, though a fatal division seems to have existed between his sensitive shrewdness and his philosophical pretensions. And he was a man who improved with time; something must have happened to change the fierce and foxy face on the cover of the first volume of his letters to the agreeable old man on the second.

But he could not possibly have been as good, either, as he has been cracked up to be. Brome's introduction contains all the worst adulatory clichés: timeless figure living in medieval tower, chopping wood and/or studying hermetic philosophy, greeting you with a mischievous twinkle in the eye and a touch of puckish humour – and so forth. The trouble with Jung was not his crime of disagreeing with Freud but the fact that he had an abominable temper, brought his mistress to Sunday lunch with the family every week, and was known to have greeted a patient with 'Oh no. I can't stand the sight of another one. Go home and cure yourself today.' Brome generally treads a colourlessly neutral path between the sacrosanct Jung and the contemptible one, throwing in some qualifications to ballast the praise, but the effect is somehow confused rather than objective. And there is no attempt to place him against the stream of ideas from which he emerged.

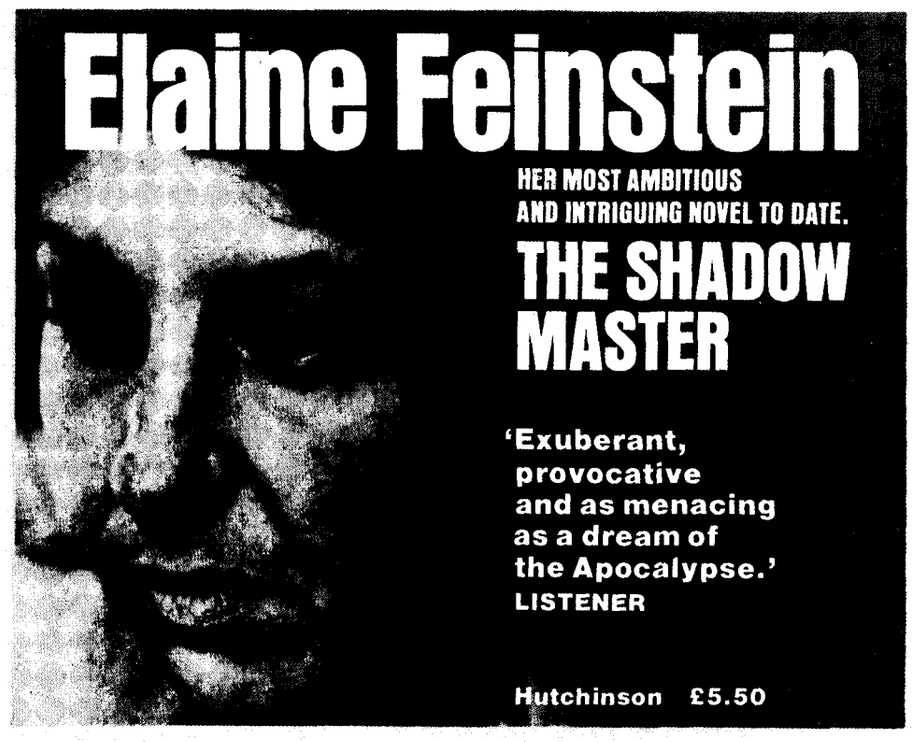
Antony Polonsky

# Don't Fall In

**To Build a Castle: My Life as a Dissenter** by VLADIMIR BUKOVSKY *Deutsch* £7.50

In December 1976 Vladimir Bukovsky was released from prison and expelled from the Soviet Union in exchange for the Chilean communist leader Luis Corvalan. Since his first arrest in 1963, he had spent nearly three years in insane asylums and over two years in Soviet jails and camps. *To Build a Castle* is the story of how he came to clash with the Soviet establishment, and how it punished him.

His disillusionment with the Soviet system came early in his life. Like many Soviet citizens, the ten-year-old Bukovsky was deeply distressed at the death of Stalin. The revelation that the revered leader of his people had been in reality a brutal dictator who was responsible for the death of millions of innocent victims came as an insupportable blow. The cruel suppression of the Hungarian revolution fed his disaffection. In his last year at high school he became involved in producing a literary magazine with little political content but with an avant-garde and rebellious tone which was not to the taste of the local communist officials. Bukovsky was singled out as one of those principally responsible for the publication. He was expelled from school and barred from university. Never one to give in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easily, Bukovsky enrolled at a night school for young workers and managed nevertheless to gain entry to Moscow University. This was at the height of the Khrushchev thaw of the early 1960s and Bukovsky, along with a number of other people subsequently to play prominent parts in the dissident movement – such as Yuri Galanskov, Edward Kuznetsov and Viktor Khaustov – was one of the organisers of anti-Stalinist poetry readings in Mayakovsky Square.

At first the authorities allowed the readings to take place without hindrance, but from the spring of 1961 they became determined to crush this 'anti-Soviet agitation'. Most of those who had taken part in the readings were arrested and many were sent to prison or to insane asylums. Bukovsky was expelled from university and, after a spell in Lefortovo prison, was confined in the Leningrad Hospital for the Insane. This merely increased his determination to oppose the Soviet system and led to further arrests and detentions in 1963, 1967, 1973 and 1976, a series of ordeals which are graphically and movingly described in this book.

What lay at the root of this revolt? Bukovsky sees the evils of the Soviet system as the result not of the deformations introduced by Stalin but as the consequence of Lenin's desire to use a small revolutionary elite to reshape a whole society. It is this utopianism and forced egalitarianism which lies at the root of all the massacres and oppression which have characterised the history of the Soviet state. Bukovsky quotes the dissident song-writer Alexander Galich with approval:

> Do not fear ashes, do not fear curses,
> Do not fear brimstone and fire,
> But fear like the plague that man with the rage
> To tell you: 'I know what's required!'
> Who tells you: 'Fall in and follow me
> If heaven on earth's your desire.'

Himself a man of indomitable courage, Bukovsky understands those human failings which make it relatively easy for the Soviet regime to cow and control its subjects. Thus he does not regard open rebellion as a practical possibility. Indeed a new revolution is likely to have the same negative consequences as that initiated by Lenin. What the dissident movement can do is to tell the truth, particularly through poetry, about the Soviet past and present. This ultimately will rob the Soviet regime of its legitimacy and compel the introduction of changes in its structure, though their nature is not clearly specified. At the same time, Soviet citizens should attempt to make use of the legal rights ostensibly guaranteed to them by the Soviet constitution. Another poem Bukovsky quotes sets out his position clearly:

> . . . No, not for us can it be to spray bullets
> But to mark the significant dates
> The epoch created poets,
> And they the soldiers create.

Bukovsky is not an admirer of Khrushchev whom, like many Soviet intellectuals, he regarded as a primitive and ignorant boor. He recognises the importance of the de-Stalinisation campaign, but argues that this was embarked on because of Khrushchev's need to outflank his opponents on the Politbureau and Central Committee, who were more closely linked with Stalin's crimes than he was himself. He has more sympathy for Khrushchev after his fall, and recounts an interesting story of how Piotr Yakir telephoned the old man when he was seeking signatures for a petition in favour of Solzhenitsyn after he had won the Nobel Prize. Yakir reminded Khrushchev that he had been the first to get Solzhenitsyn published. Krushchev replied, 'Yes, I remember,' and after a pause observed, 'Well, they don't give Nobel Prizes for nothing.'

Detente is one of Bukovsky's particular bugbears. When he was being flown out of the USSR, one of the KGB captors pointed out that the handcuffs he was wearing were imported from the US. Bukovsky saw this as symbolic, arguing that one of the basic conflicts which will determine the future of the Soviet Union is that between the economic pragmatists and the hard-liners. Like many East European economic reformers, he believes that decentralisation of the economy will inevitably lead to a degree of political liberalisation. This was being brought about by the inefficiencies of the Soviet system until the process was interrupted by the import of food, goods and technology which have enabled the economic dogmatists to continue their outmoded and wasteful policies.

Ultimately, Bukovsky's book leaves a somewhat disheartening impression. The forces against change are so strong in the USSR, those pushing for democratisation so weak. Moreover, and especially since 1968, the opposition of the central party leadership to any significant change has clearly hardened. Yet at the same time the loss of ideological faith and the pervasive cynicism in the Soviet Union are undermining the strength of the system. Who knows? Perhaps the alliance of discontented intellectuals, economic reformers and nationalists seeking more autonomy – an alliance that led to the Prague spring – may at some time be repeated in the Soviet Union.

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**Paul Addison**

# MAX, CICERO, JOSEFINE

**Hitler's Spies: German Military Intelligence in World War II** by DAVID KAHN *Hodder & Stoughton* £9.95

It is not difficult to write with sustained integrity on the history of the boot and shoe industry, for how else would one write about it? The result may be dull, yet the author is sure to be a solid and dependable type whose judgment can be trusted. But Nazi Germany is a subject which attracts all manner of talents, and holds a particular fascination for writers with a weak spot. Some have a weakness for salesmanship – hard-boiled professionals who know the market for productions on the Third Reich. The Abominable Dr Goebbels should keep them in employment for many years to come. Others have a compulsion to unveil secrets and think of historical research as a tireless quest to discover the whereabouts of Martin Bormann, or some other skeleton they believe to be hidden away. Averse by nature to sober conclusions, they prefer to believe the web of fantastic rumour which has come down to us from the war years. Either way there could be no more tempting subject for the predatory author than Nazi espionage. It unites the appeal of the Third Reich as an eternal chamber of horrors with the rich fantasy world of the secret agent, where truth itself is based on fabrication. There may be one or two experts in this area who know how much to believe, but the rest of us are very much at the mercy of anyone who can spin a good yarn: there are some very plausible witnesses of the Loch Ness Monster.

Not having read David Kahn's previous work *The Codebreakers*, I began *Hitler's Spies* in a state of apprehension, only to find it a very different book from the one I imagined. Strip away a little disguise and we find our old friend the Ph.D. (supervised by Hugh Trevor-Roper), reworked for publication. Mr Kahn is a dry, critical, intensely factual writer, stuffing his book to bursting point with documentary evidence. He opens deceptively with the farcical account of two German agents landed by submarine on the coast of Maine in 1944, but soon we are grinding our teeth over bureaucratic structures which were none too simple when Hitler took over, and later on ramified bewilderingly in the course of a series of power struggles which upgraded one acronym or relabelled another. From time

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to time Mr Kahn has the disconcerting habit of reaching for the hypodermic and jabbing into the text an injection of colour. In the middle of describing the strategic moves of 1943 he breaks off to observe that meanwhile 'wine-growers in the hot bright fields around Bordeaux cut the luscious purple clusters off their vines'. Touches of this kind read incongruously, but hardly diminish his achievement. Like most theses, *Hitler's Spies* is stronger on description than interpretation, but it remains a powerful and impressive reconstruction, resting on a command of the original German documents.

The British in wartime tended to portray the German spy as a faintly ridiculous figure. Parachuted into the heart of the countryside with his forged passport and radio transmitter, he was soon likely to give himself away, all signposts having been removed, as he asked his way in a thick guttural accent at the first crossroads. This Ministry of Information daydream turned out to be remarkably accurate. The spies who landed were all swiftly rounded up, and many of them brilliantly turned by MI5 into dummy agents who continued to inform and deceive their German contacts, the operation described by J. C. Masterman in *The Double-Cross System*. As Mr Kahn shows, German espionage was not much more successful elsewhere. Their prized Soviet agent MAX, who claimed to report events in the Kremlin, was a fraud. Spain and Portugal swarmed with con-men, while operations in the US were a series of little fiascos. The most effective spy rings were in Latin America, passing on information about shipping, or monitoring the US press and technical journals. The two greatest *coups* serve only to highlight the record of failure. In Istanbul CICERO for a time provided copies of the correspondence of the British ambassador, while in Stockholm JOSEFINE got his hands on the reports of the Swedish military, naval and air attachés in London.

There is quite a lot more about espionage in Mr Kahn's account. He explains the structure and operational methods of the two main spy agencies, the Abwehr, an offspring of the German army, and its SS-controlled rival the SD, which eventually swallowed it up in 1944. There is much, too, about spy schools, Morse code, and invisible ink. But espionage of the cloak-and-dagger variety is only one part of the real business in hand, which is military intelligence: the attempt by a great variety of means to estimate the strength and location of enemy forces, and to predict their future movements. German commanders took the reports of secret agents with a large pinch of salt, and relied for day-to-day tactical purposes on other and more rewarding methods. In the battle zone units monitored and interpreted the radio traffic of enemy forces a few miles away. In building up an accurate picture of the formations confronting them they could also turn to aerial and ground reconnaissance, and the interrogation of newly captured prisoners of war. These routine methodical techniques provided a core of reliable intelligence. Patiently described and illustrated by apparently humdrum documents – an aerial reconnaissance map from the western desert or a wiretap diagram from the Crimea – they gradually edge the secret agent into the margin of the picture, displacing him with a mass of technical and clerical work.

It is fascinating to see pieced together the full rickety, overlapping structure of German intelligence, from the humblest level at which information was collected to the summits where strategic evaluation was attempted. All sorts of data were swept up, including a mass of trivial rubbish, by agencies with a vested interest in building themselves up. Every morning a truck arrived in Berlin with 88 sets of reports of broadcasts monitored from transmitters around the globe. The air was filled with worthless diplomatic gossip from the Portuguese ambassador to Brazil or the Japanese ambassador to Madrid, whose hot tip about the cross-channel invasion proved to be quite mistaken. At the top the wheat was separated from the chaff but there was still no enlightenment on the greatest questions of all, the strategic conundrums on which the fate of Germany depended. The Anglo-American landings in North Africa came like a bolt from the blue. On the eastern front General Gehlen was unable to predict where the next Russian blow would fall. Even after the Normandy landings had taken place, the German Army still believed that the main assault would be launched against the Pas de Calais. On balance the intelligence services contributed towards Hitler's defeat.

Why such a dismal failure? Mr Kahn offers several lines of explanation, all rather cursorily. Branching into psychology he tries out the idea that Hitler regressed from alloplastic to autoplastic behaviour, a suggestion to which I can respond, in spite of his explanation of the terms, with a definite maybe. One root factor was insufferable Nazi arrogance. A good intelligence service is useful in offensive operations, but only becomes vital on the defensive when the next move of the enemy has to be predicted. Yet German war-planning was based on the assumption that the *Wehrmacht* would always hold the initiative while other forces fell back in retreat. And when the fortunes of war did change, Hitler and his henchmen tried to close their minds to the facts by rejecting intelligence which pointed the wrong way. The army itself was partly to blame for undervaluing the role of intelligence officer, and so was that inscrutable old stick Admiral Canaris, the head of the Abwehr, a strangely immobile character with an inner disloyalty to Hitler. But all failure is relative, and it remains a mystery why British intelligence was so far ahead of the Germans. Having cracked the highest German codes the British could often read Hitler's messages while the Germans could never read Churchill's. But why this disparity in the first place? It is curious to reflect that in the mid-1930s, when the Soviet Union was building up a powerful network of agents in the heart of the British Establishment, Hitler actually forbade espionage against this country on the grounds that Britain was likely to be a friendly power.

**Michael Mason**

# Character Assassination

**A Portrait of Jane Austen** by LORD DAVID CECIL *Constable* £6.95

Kant believed in things called 'synthetic *a priori*' truths which have always remained rather disreputable philosophically. Later philosophers have doubted whether there really are propositions whose negations are unthinkable but which are not just tautologies. Perhaps they should turn to Lord David Cecil's new book on Jane Austen, where there are some promising candidates to be found – sentences which hover between cliché and circularity. How about this as an example of the higher, Kantian banality: 'The gentry were seldom rich as were the great nobles of the day whose palatial residences were so conspicuous a feature of the rural scene.' Try thinking the negation of *that.*

Lord David swims in these tepid waters of non-statement for his first chapter, which is

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about Jane Austen's 'World'. The rest of the book, which is devoted to a short account of her life and work, is uniformative in a more straightforward way. It has simply all been said before. This may seem an unamiable comment on an amiable enough book, but it probably says no more than Lord David himself would concede. He candidly avows that his account of the novels is substantially a repetition of his 1935 Leslie Stephen Lecture on the subject, 'sometimes in the same words'.

Now this is a bit steep. No doubt a great deal of rubbish has been written about Jane Austen's novels in the last 43 years, but it taxes human credulity to suppose that no new remarks which Lord David could have found persuasive have been passed about them in all that time. On the biographical side he has kept abreast of developments more successfully – and there have been precious few of these for about 30 years. His special kind of concern for the relation between Jane Austen's life and work also represents a survival of interests appropriate in the mid-1930s, which seem to have rigidified completely in Lord David's mind.

The question of the life and the art, or the life versus the art, was a topical one around 1935 because of Chapman's 1932 edition of the letters. This elicited witty and dismayed reviews from distinguished admirers of Jane Austen's fiction such as Harold Nicolson and E. M. Forster. The letters upset them because they are largely about very ordinary matters and, more importantly, because of the occasional touches of severity and spite they contain. There is the moral severity of Jane Austen's censure of the popular hero of Corunna: 'I wish Sir John had united something of the Christian with the hero in his death.' And there is the comic spite that sometimes flashes out against acquaintances:

> Mrs Hall, of Sherborne, was brought to bed yesterday of a dead child, some weeks before she expected, owing to a fright. I suppose she happened unawares to look at her husband.

'The whinnying of harpies', Forster called this.

The young David Cecil's response – a response he still wishes to utter – was to stress Jane Austen's 'sturdy' Anglican faith and her 'robust and sparkling' 18th-century wit. But it is not at all clear that this, which may be called the genial view, will take care of the austerities and the jokes about ugly husbands causing stillbirths. Nor will it easily take care of the equivalent material in the novels: the rigorous morality of Fanny Price, or the savage digs at Mrs Palmer and Mrs Musgrove. Some critics, whose views Lord David would have been well advised to consider, have seen these matters in a less genial light.

The conjunction of angry wit with severely conservative principles is, after all, hardly a rarity in English culture. There is Pope before Jane Austen, and Evelyn Waugh and *Private Eye* after, to attest to this. Jane Austen's peculiar and formidable achievement is to make her readers imagine that they themselves have applied the violent judgmental colours in which her fictional world is bathed. We suppose, for instance, that we have been given an impartial introduction to a character about whom we have then achieved an independent verdict – until we notice how slightly the presentation of this figure has depended on action and speech, and how greatly on an early sweeping character-judgment in the author's own voice.

Lord David several times commits this fallacy with striking naïveté. He speaks of how the 'personal charm' of the Bertram sisters in *Mansfield Park* might have obscured their 'essential quality of character' if the latter had not been 'detected' by Jane Austen. 'Only two sentences,' he exclaims, 'but we understand the Miss Bertrams completely.' Lo and behold, the two sentences in question tell us, beguilingly but emphatically, that despite their personal charms the Miss Bertrams are bitches. They compose a character-assassination by the author from which it is perfectly impossible for the Miss Bertrams to recover for the rest of the novel. In this crime Lord David, and readers like him, are the cleverly duped accomplices.


# W.H.Smith £2,500 Literary Award has been won by Patrick Leigh Fermor for 'A TIME OF GIFTS'

## Published by John Murray £6.50

PREVIOUS WINNERS OF THIS ANNUAL AWARD HAVE BEEN:

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|---|---|---|---|
| Patrick White | *Voss* | V. S. Naipaul | *The Mimic Men* |
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| Nadine Gordimer | *Friday's Footprint* | John Fowles | *The French Lieutenant's Woman* |
| J. R. Ackerley | *We think the World of You* | Nan Fairbrother | *New Lives, New Landscapes* |
| Gabriel Fielding | *The Birthday King* | Kathleen Raine | *The Lost Country* |
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| R. C. Hutchinson | *A Child Possessed* | Jon Stallworthy | *Wilfred Owen: A Biography* |
| Jean Rhys | *Wide Sargasso Sea* | Seamus Heaney | *North* |
| | | Ronald Lewin | *Slim: The Standardbearer* |

WHSMITH


**William Boyd**

# Aliens

**Live Bait** by FRANK TUOHY *Macmillan* £4.95
**The Good Husband** by PAMELA HANSFORD JOHNSON *Macmillan* £4.95
**The Cutting Edge** by PENELOPE GILLIATT *Secker & Warburg* £3.95

Many of the stories in Frank Tuohy's latest collection have a foreign context – and are all the better for it. This represents a partial return to the worlds of his first exceptional volume *The Admiral and the Nuns* (1962) and, I'd like to think, a move away from the less remarkable *Fingers in the Door* (1970), which dwelt a little too lengthily on the foibles of the gin-and-tonic belt. Not that Tuohy's observations aren't generally valuable; but when the scene shifts abroad the grim predictability that dulls most English short stories recedes and his own subtle talent emerges.

In fact there seems to be some ever-looming Platonic archetype of the 'well-made' short story which cramps most of our practitioners of the genre, producing endless refined and scrupulous chartings of emotional crises among distressed gentlewomen or the timorous progress of middle-class love affairs. By contrast, there is an almost palpable widening of horizons and effect in Tuohy's foreign stories. For example, the callous randiness of a retired professor groping a former student in 'A Summer Pilgrim'; or the candid lust of a rebarbative businessman searching downtown Tokyo for his Japanese mistress in 'Nocturne with Neon Lights'.

In comparison, the local offerings – 'The White Stick', 'Love to Patsy' and 'A Ghost Garden' – with their familiar middle-class intellectual background, appear whimsical and affected. It is essentially the feeling of over-worked parochialism that is responsible for the ordinariness of the long title story, a rather ponderously symbolic tale of a lonely and unpopular boy and his attempts during a summer holiday to catch a huge pike in the lake of a nearby manor house. It is not merely a question of more exotic scenery adding extra spice; Tuohy's strength lies in the way he captures the unusual mood and viewpoint of the expatriate, the exile and the temporary alien. The barriers of language and culture give rise to a slightly baffled and tentative querying of reality; perspectives shift and blur, appearances bemuse and all our certainties suddenly lack foundation.

In *Important to Me*, subtitled 'Personalia', Pamela Hansford Johnson stirringly declares that 'if you are saying something really complex you should do your best to spell it out to the reader in so far as it is possible'. On her own terms, then, it can only be concluded that complexities have no part to play in *The Good Husband*: it is a story of true slightness, an album of inconsequentiality. Miss Johnson has only her past record to blame for the disappointment: the continuing saga of merchant banker Toby Roberts quashes most expectations that *The Good Listener* (1975) might have built up. As the title suggests, *The Good Husband* is an account of Toby's marriage at the age of 30 to a woman ten years his senior

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and the steady but mild erosion of his at first passionate love. The decline comes about purely as a result of what we now recognise as his basic flaw – if not his sole character trait – namely his lack of commitment, his complacency. This is rather crudely spelt out in a dream, where a portrait of Toby is unveiled to reveal a blank canvas. For all the lucid prose and evident craftsmanship, it's hard to imagine such a redoubtably bland character as Toby providing material for one novel, let alone two, in spite of Miss Johnson's pointed allusion to Rastignac in both books. I'm afraid there's no chance that '*Le démon du luxe le mordit au coeur*'; and the world Toby inhabits bears as much resemblance to Balzac's Paris as a wet Sunday in Arbroath.

There's a similar looseness, an almost decadent lack of direction, in Penelope Gilliatt's *The Cutting Edge*. The narrative hovers around the affection between two often-separated brothers – Benedick and Peregrine, a musician and a writer, respectively down and out in Istanbul and Positano – who are eventually reunited in the compliant arms of Benedick's ex-wife. There's an air of plundered notebooks about the desperately sparkling conversation and the redundant cast of eccentric minor characters, who look suspiciously like rejects from Miss Gilliatt's latest collection of short stories, *Splendid Lives*. At one point she says conversation is like 'the sound of souls buzzing in a glass prison of a world which they cannot escape but still try to understand'. This is all very well, but the chat has to be fairly remarkable if it's to continue to sustain our interest: 'We are the trustees of no culture but our own,' and so on. It's a shame, because Miss Gilliatt's laconic style occasionally creates moments of accurate poignancy which are worth pages of brittle dialogue and recycled *aperçus*.

## This English

**To begin with, a long piece of guileless self-laceration; a quiet prayer for the signatories' pupils seems to be in order. Then two homophones and a misplaced apposition. £3 for the first entry, £2 for others printed.**

☐ The group that signs this letter is of those currently working in the field of literacy in many polytechnics and it is keenly aware that under the proposed regulations merely to have conducted research in this field for many years will no longer be a criteria and therefore degree registration, and thus research assistantships and studentships may dry up, which would in the opinion of many, be a disaster. **M. Brown, A. Crady, E. Goodacre, C. Terrell, J. Francis, C. Parfitt, J. Powney, A. Salfield, M. Raggett, B. Thompson, M. Hughes, M. Jenkinson** *THES* (John Griffith)

☐ A prison spokesman said the 21-year-old former base guitarist with the Sex Pistols was released after friends raised the £25,000 bail. *Evening Standard* (Peter Jay)

☐ Greenwood clearly intends entrusting the job of winning the European Championship for the first time to the hard corps of players who have secured seven wins and two draws from 10 matches. **Michael Hart** *Evening Standard* (N. B. Hickenhooper)

☐ Magistrates remanded a Cambridge man into police custody for 24 hours yesterday after taking 'a substantial amount of some sort of drug'. *Cambridge Evening News* (Clive Slinger)

# ARTS & ENTERTAINMENT

**John Coleman**

# Things Cannot Hold

**The Serpent's Egg** (X) *Academy One*
**Death on the Nile** (A) *ABCs 1 and 2, Shaftesbury Avenue*
**The Greek Tycoon** (AA) *Plaza; ABCs Bayswater and Fulham Road*
**Power Play** (X) *Columbia*
**Eyes of Laura Mars** (AA) *Odeon, Leicester Square*
**Pardon Mon Affaire, Too** (AA) *Curzon*

Ingmar Bergman's latest film arose from a set of circumstances so thoroughly traumatic – a monitory phoenix, you might say, born in ashes – that some background information seems in order. In January, 1976, the director was hauled out of theatre rehearsals in Stockholm by police investigating his tax position. His passport was confiscated and he was ordered to stay put: this he did, spending two months in hospital. In an open letter to *Expressen*, he likened Swedish bureaucracy to 'a fast-growing cancer' and spoke of a 'nearly unbearable humiliation'. He proposed to close his studio on the island of Faro: he would live and work abroad. After a period in Hollywood, where a production deal for three features with Dino de Laurentiis was announced, he settled to one of these – a project long close to his heart, *The Serpent's Egg* – and autumn found him at the Bavaria Studio in Munich, once more at work. As a footnote to an ugly story, his tax problems were officially cleared up in December, with shooting still going on. So *The Serpent's Egg* is a special event on at least three counts. It is his first film made abroad. He is a creator unusually accustomed to working with a devoted band of actors (the Bergman rep, they have been called) and of technicians: now he was reduced to the staunch and magnificent Liv Ullmann and his lighting cameraman on many of his greatest films, Sven Nykvist. And, however formed his ideas may have been for the new work, it must surely have taken on a yet more sombre coloration.

Berlin, 1923. French troops had occupied the industrial Ruhr, the value of the mark slid to vanishing point, Jews and foreigners were scapegoats, the tiny National Socialist German Workers' Party led by one Adolf Hitler was preparing a putsch. Through the feverish city stumbles a drunken American-Jewish acrobat, Abel Rosenberg (David Carradine), towards the boarding-house where his brother Max rests with a broken wrist. Only Max is dead when he reaches their room, brains redly spattered against the wall. After reporting to Inspector Bauer (Gert Froebe), Abel goes off to visit his sister-in-law, Manuela (Liv Ullmann), at the sleazy cabaret where she works. A smooth-talking Hans Vergerus (Heinz Bennent) accosts him briefly there, reminding him of a boyhood meeting. Abel ends up later that night chastely at Manuela's. Events now quite overtake him. He is a K out of Kafka, prey to terrors, with nothing making sense. As if concussed, he witnesses the street humiliation and beating up of two elderly citizens; Inspector Bauer calls him in again as mutilated bodies are found around the city, all of whom he has more or less vaguely known; he lurches from bar to bar and into a wild encounter with two whores and a black fellow who proves impotent, possibly gay; in a gratuitous act, he hurls a brick through a shop window bearing the name Rosenberg, knocks down the angry owner and disgustedly forces a kiss on his plain wife. It is nightmare alley. Meanwhile, the sinister Vergerus has provided Manuela and Abel with a stifling apartment at the St Anne's Clinic and jobs there, too. With the slipped, near-logic of a world like that in *The Trial*, Manuela – the cabaret raided and wrecked – is a bullied laundress, Abel set to work filing dubious documents he cannot read.

Things cannot hold. Abel discovers Manuela, the tremulous, eager life-force, who has suddenly succumbed to fits of feverish abstraction, dead at their apartment; a gleam of light through a mirror leads him to smash it, revealing a camera; Dr Vergerus, a vicious experimenter with volunteer human guinea-pigs (theirs are the inexplicable corpses that litter the city), blandly projects the filmed results of some pointless outrages that foreshadow the camp laboratories to come, before biting on a cyanide capsule as Inspector Bauer and his men, somehow summoned by Abel, beat like the wrath of God on the door. Too late for Abel. A smiling Bauer tells him Hitler's putsch has aborted and a circus job awaits him in Switzerland. Abel evades his escort to the station, never to reappear.

The affair is of an intransigent grimness, as black and disorientating as anything Bergman has created to date. Dripping raw horseflesh, bashed faces, random violence are steadily visited by the camera, lingered on. In a presumably slightly earlier form of the script, *The Serpent's Egg* (Marion Boyars £4.95), there are even grislier moments, Abel has a much longer tirade against the Jews, and Bergman himself is quoted on the jacket, finding 'something marvellous, something I believe in' by the German writer, Georg Buechner: 'Man is an abyss and I turn giddy when I look down into it.' It is a possessed film, signed for the cognoscenti as Bergman's by a visual near-parallel from *The Silence*, another from *Winter Light*, and the recurrence of a couple of names: Vergerus from *The Face*, Rosenberg from *The Shame*. It can also be witless beyond recall as when the Inspector Lohmann of Lang's *The Testament of Dr Mabuse* is invoked by Bauer as a colleague, an unbecoming frivolity. The swamping triumph, the trump card that carries a sort of conviction for as long as the awful gaze lasts, is Rolf Zehetbauer's massive Berlin street set and the scrupulous details of the decor: one would revisit it for the garish, seedy sense of period alone.

John Guillermin's *Death on the Nile* is Agatha Christie refurbished by Anthony Shaffer, scored by the prolific Nino Rota, and

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studded, *Orient Express*-style, with stars. An American beauty and heiress (Lois Chiles), honeymooning on a Nile cruise, is surrounded by fellow-passengers with assorted motives for doing her in. When the fatal shot takes care of her, a new Hercule Poirot (Peter Ustinov), faintly abetted by David Niven, brings his little grey cells and belligerent Belgianness to the rescue. Ustinov is less pomaded and dapper than Finney, but his French is pukka and he gets splendid comic mileage out of the minutest of fidgets, flinches and moues. All hail, too, to Maggie Smith – as a butchy acerbic paid companion to Bette Davis – intoning, 'If there's two things ai can't abaid, its the heat and heathens', and to Angela Lansbury as an outrageously over-the-top Elinor Glynnish novelist, lurching drunkenly down the deck, fluting, 'The old Nile's a bit choppy tonight.' So's the old film, come to that.

J. Lee Thompson's *The Greek Tycoon* kept reminding me of something: can't think what. Anthony Quinn is Theo Tomasis, a randy ageing shipping magnate with importunate mistresses, great earthy wit ('Fuck you!', 'Nice ass!', 'Great tits!' – the last a connoisseur's appreciation of a statuette of Aphrodite), and ultimately Jacqueline Bisset as new wife when her husband, the US President, gets shot. Quinn does a small Zorba sidestep to music now and then, is last glimpsed among simple fishermen, outlined against a red sky, soon to die: of conspicuous consumption, no doubt. *Power Play* has Colonel David Hemmings reluctantly heading for a military *coup d'état* against a corrupt regime somewhere, Donald Pleasence torturing anything that moves (couldn't he play Santa Claus, if only at Selfridge's, soon?), Colonel Peter O'Toole as an enigmatic fellow conspirator, and a plot so slender it can be bent any which way: and, in the last reel, is. Irvin Kershner's sicky-glossy, *Eyes of Laura Mars*, stars Faye Dunaway as a fashion photographer, gifted with ESP and given to posing her blood-dappled girls and boys in sado-masochistic tableaux because We Live in a Violent Age, Right? They start getting killed and I guessed who dun them, but I wasn't clever enough to skip the movie altogether. As for *Pardon Mon Affaire, Too – jamais!*

# Television

**Julian Barnes**

# Zap Code

*Panorama* (BBC-1) celebrated its 25th anniversary in exactly the right way, by avoiding a trip down Dimbleby Lane to that notoriously unfunny spaghetti harvest sequence (does anyone remember Wally Stott's 'Spaghetti Harvest Theme'?) and producing instead a double number on *The Real War in Space* designed, like the best Panorama features, to make us all feel very insecure. It may not have justified its length, and it certainly didn't justify its *Star Wars* photography and radiophonic wheep-blump background music, but Tom Mangold's report on directive energy weapons or high-energy laser beams or charged-particle beam weapons – call them what you will: everyone else did – was packed with moments which top up your worry tanks without providing any overflow pipe.

As far as one could follow the mixture of space-technology language and being-cagey-politically language (a formidable blend; the only man to break out of it was a Los Alamos scientist who declared with comforting clarity, 'From a single base station we can, essentially, zap them'), both the USSR and the US are currently developing posh lasers which can simply evaporate a nuclear warhead while it is on the wing. The Russians (who are ahead so far) plan to put theirs in silos and pop them off at incoming American ICBMs; the Americans plan to put theirs into space to zap the Russian rockets. On the other hand (or, given glum likelihood, as well), the Russians might put *theirs* into space and knock out the entire American satellite system in a few minutes. Since this system is vastly important and vastly refined (a soldier in the field, for instance, can dial-a-satellite and be told exactly where on the globe he is to an accuracy of ten metres), it all sounded like bad news. It sounded like worse news when you were told, in the final seconds of the programme, that if the Russians – or anyone else – put a particle weapon into space and then beamed it back against the earth, they could wipe out at a stroke areas of up to 100 miles square.

The only trouble was (not that it helped reduce anxiety), you didn't know quite whom to believe – the hawkish chart-fiend General Keegan, or the sceptical, deeply uncharismatic Stanford professor – on the key question of just how far the Russians have actually got. Keegan could talk easily since he is now on the outside of things; as usual, you felt that it was the tightmouths who knew the most. One moment of light relief occurred, when Keegan let on that it had actually been a British scientist at Harwell who had done the first work on high-energy weapons. The heart swelled a little, then checked when he went on to mention curiously that the Soviet programme had started very shortly after the British one had stopped. The pioneering scientist turned out to be Klaus Fuchs.

One indication that the Russians aren't too far advanced in particle-beam technology is that they didn't try it out in Baguio City recently, during Viktor Korchnoi's unexpected but unsuccessful recovery. The final *World Chess Championship Report* (BBC-2) duly rounded up Viktor's plucky fight-back, his emasculating bungles, and Karpov's tidy moppings-up. It has been chaired at exactly the right sort of level by Jeremy James. He appears (or perhaps pretends) to be as tempted as the average patzer by any old poisoned pawn, and has to have his folly explained to him; you feel that if Karpov had dug a little pit in the middle of the board and laid brushwood over it, James (like the rest of us) would have gaily plonked his queen on top of it. He has been much helped over the past three months by the admirably lucid William Hartston; and whoever designed the flashing, clicking chessboard on which the match analysis takes place deserves a case of blue yoghurt.

The second *World About Us* report on Papua New Guinea (BBC-2), about the new nation's General Ileksen, was a lot less cheering than the first. Ironically, the island after independence came across as much less of a free-and-easy palimpsest of civilisations; instead, it seemed just another ex-paradise screwed up by Western civilisation. A newsagent's poster advertised a magazine feature on 'Country Style Knits and Crochets' when most potential readers sported either cast-off denim jackets or Sunday-best ferns; and the Ileksen itself showed how quickly the islanders have learnt to deploy the bullying, sloganeering and empty hard sell of 'Westminster' politics. One of the candidates even regaled his audience with a Papuan rendition (in English) of Chuck Berry's 'Rock and Roll Music'.

The agreeable spontaneity of the locals only percolated at one point, during a protest at the decision, taken two days before the Ileksen, to omit candidates' photographs from the ballot papers (no trivial matter in a largely illiterate country, where candidates were deliberately wearing enormous spotted bow-ties in attempts to distinguish themselves). The electoral commissioner came out of his office with a bullhorn, and explained his decision to the crowd across his front lawn. Not to be outdone, the protesters had brought their own bullhorns, and a comically amplified argument took place across the space of a dozen yards. 'That's the whole bloody idea, James,' one objector bellowed ironically at the hedging commissioner, in a charming mixture of friendliness and anti-bureaucratic rage.

'Something-nothing' was a cute piece of Papuan pidgin which cropped up in the course of the show. You would use it in this sort of sentence: 'Ronald Harwood and John Selwyn Gilbert's film about Evelyn Waugh, *A Sense of Loss* (BBC-2), was a bit something-nothing.' That's to say, while it had some good moments – a clip from a private film made by Waugh and his friends in the Twenties, with the novelist in a curly white fright-wig; bits from the *Face to Face* interview; the testimony of a woman at whom Waugh had thrown a bar-stool during his *Pinfold* voyage – it succeeded only as far as its own small ambitions permitted. The declared intention was to take three of the novels and note the connections between them and Waugh's own life at the time. Not surprisingly, the conclusion reached was that Waugh – like approximately 100 per cent of novelists before and since – used different amounts of his life in different books: a lot in one (*Pinfold*), a little in another (*Brideshead*), less still in a third (*Decline and Fall*). At one point Harwood, standing in front of the fountain at Castle Howard, seriously remarked, 'As final proof that novelists transform what they remember when they write . . .' – and then told us that Waugh had cannily *not* used this fountain in *Brideshead*, but one from the Piazza Navona. Why, they'll be telling us next that novelist chappies actually make up all those stories they keep coming out with.

Foot-in-it moment of the week, though, fell to Hugh Johns, LWT's cheery commentator on the Notts Forest-AEK match in Athens on

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*Mid-Week Sports Special.* It was a fairly comic transmission all round, in old-fashioned black and white (you half expected Ken Wolstenholme to list the team colours 'for those of you who collect them'), and with Greek subtitles: the Nottixgam team included such strangers as Mperns, Mpertls and Goyntkok. One of Johns's regular calming-down phrases for those trying to kick some sense into their colour sets found itself getting all out of hand: 'The pictures here are of course in black and white – and there are a lot of *black* faces now in the Greek crowd, and . . .er, that's Viv Anderson with the ball . . .who has . . .er, his own brand of colour.' Back in the studio, Brain Moore had his own face problem too; gazing with that likeable damp-eyed enthusiasm of his at a particularly groin-wrenching slice of beam action from Nadia Comaneci, he inquired winningly of his lady studio expert, 'And what's she doing here for us Janet?' Whatever it is, Brain, I should keep it under your hat: anyone would think gymnastics was erotic.

# Rock Music

**Mark Kidel**

# Rubber City

**DEVO: 'Q: Are We Not Men? A: We Are DEVO'** *Virgin* £4.69

The rock pluralism of the late 1970s has produced some extraordinary mutants. The parade of musical genres no longer follows a strict linear progression from traditional to avant-garde, and styles are not as water-tight as they used to be. Blues, soul – Stax and Motown – Fifties rock'n'roll, pristine early British four-man group rock, West Coast acid, English progressive, Southern boogie, disco: all form a global village archive from which the contemporary musician can draw. Revival is no longer a periodic fad – it happens all the time. New wave, old wave, the categories no longer fit, and the moguls are having a hard time keeping up with the current unpredictability of the market.

They do not even know *where* to go these days, and that is why there were no talent scouts in Akron, Ohio, when DEVO started playing the clubs there five years ago. Akron . . . ? You wouldn't know the place unless you were a well-informed rubber fetishist, for Akron is also known as Rubber City, the US capital of tyre manufacture, home of Firestone and Goodyear but very little else. An industrial mess of a medium-sized mid-Western town, the heart of hard-hat America, and a cultural desert.

It is precisely those physical and intellectual limitations which have helped nurture the growth of some very unusual rock talent. For Akron's music is clearly the product of its grim environment, an urban wasteland of factories, expressways, shopping centres and semi-affluent suburbs. It is the boogie of a grey new world, caught on the knife-edge between crying out in angry laughter at its oppression and falling in with the robotic rhythms of the assembly line. The Akron 'sound' is well-documented on *The Akron Compilation* (Stiff Records), a spirited and bizarre collection from groups like Jane Aire and the Belvederes, Chi Pig, the Waitresses and Rubber City Rebels. There is a specially treated tyre on the album cover you can scratch to 'sniff the fragrance of Akron', and there is no doubt about it – it stinks.

It is DEVO, however, who have produced the most complete, startling and original expression of the Akron experience. Discovered by David Bowie and Brian Eno, they were elevated to cult status and became the subject of a major tussle between two record companies, Virgin and WEA. Their first album, recorded in Germany with Eno earlier this year, establishes them as one of the most exciting new bands around. The music is unclassifiable, the tongue-in-cheek innocence of Jonathan Richman crossed in very unlikely matrimony with the menace of Led Zeppelin, the frenzy of mainstream UK punk and the clipped frigidity of early Roxy Music. Whatever the echoes, DEVO's music is guaranteed to make you jump out of your preconceptions and on to your feet.

DEVO have taken rock apart and put it back together again in the most unexpected way: the bits are recognisable – traditional riffs, inane back-up vocals, crazed guitar solos, dramatic rhythm changes – but they have been given new and unsettling life. *Satisfaction* – one of the cherished hymns of the Sixties – perfectly illustrates their uncanny technique of transformation and shows how the apparent simplicity of their music is accompanied by subtle effects and adornments that reach the consciousness only after repeated listening. It jerks forward like clockwork but the forward pace is truncated by a breathtaking piece of syncopation. The beat is metallic, but not rock-hard, capable of just that amount of elasticity which distinguishes it from mechanical lifelessness.

DEVO's music takes us far away from the soft introspection of the West Coast and the supermarket consumerism of disco. They may use humour – in the manner of Dada, Yippee and Cage – but they do not smile. They come on a little like demented fraternity boys, the victims of acid brain-damage: dressed in identical rubber-industry maintenance-men's suits and choreographed for the stage with a machine-like precision that would have delighted the theatre directors of the Russian Revolution, they represent a clear and open acknowledgment of the worst in late 20th-century industrial society. Their half-serious theory of anti-evolution reflects a total disillusion with the promises of progress. Songs about mongoloids, paranoia, space junk and uncontrollable urges express these feelings very directly: they are a cry from the gut against the creeping totalitarianism of the computer state, and the bleakness of a town like Akron.

# Art

**John Spurling**

# Flesh & Bronze

**Giambologna, Sculptor to the Medici** *V & A*

'At last it is mine.' The words are the Emperor Rudolf II's as he carried off to his bulging *Kunstkammer* in Prague a bronze relief by Giambologna which he had long coveted and which was finally given him by Cesare d'Este, Duke of Modena. They might serve as motto to the exhibition of small bronzes by Giambologna, his assistants, pupils, followers and copyists, which has now reached London from Edinburgh and is to go on to Vienna. Here gathered to a head – though one is more immediately conscious of buttocks and genitals – is everything that is least attractive about art: its transformation into a thing of monetary value, a possession enhanced by being denied to others, a mystery reserved for the appreciation of connoisseurs and an inexhaustible subject for research and niggling argument among scholars. The expensive catalogue (£7) is a particularly glaring example of the last, since the seven different authors occupy themselves chiefly with questions of attribution. This, the first major exhibition wholly devoted to Giambologna's work, offers an unprecedented opportunity for distinguishing the autograph work of the master from that of Susini, Francavilia Tacca, etc. or – given the many stages in the making of a bronze – any combination thereof.

Jean Boulogne (1529-1608) was a Fleming who never got home to Douai after a youthful visit to Italy. The Medici Grand Dukes of Florence first patronised him, then set him up in a studio and eventually more or less prevented him from leaving their city. At any rate Rudolf II, though he was an unparalleled snapper-up of artists as well as their works (he had a Dürer from Italy carried upright over the Alps by relays of men to avoid its being damaged in a carriage) and actually ennobled Giambologna *in absentia*, never got his hooks on the man. He had to be content with 27 Giambolognas.

But apart from one's distaste for what the works stand for – they were popular diplomatic gifts between princes – it is difficult, even now that they are mostly public property relieved of their status as the ultimate consumer goods, to get through to them. They are of course astonishing demonstrations of the sculptor's skill. Giambologna and his studio could do things that Michelangelo never

**WIGMORE HALL**
**Dido Senger presents**
**YURI MASUROK** baritone
**Craig Sheppard** piano
**Sunday 29 October at 7.30 p.m.**
in a programme of songs and arias by Tchaikovsky, Rachmaninov, Mozart, Schubert, Ravel and Verdi.
**Tickets: £4.00, £3.00, £2.50, £2.00, obtainable from Box Office (01-935 2141) and usual agents.**

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attempted. There is Sabine Rape which not only has the rapist carrying off the lady at shoulder height but the injured husband crouching between his legs for good measure; there is a centaur rearing up on two legs while carrying off another semi-complaisant lady on his back; a balletic Mercury poised on one foot with one arm stretched above his head so that the whole body appears to be about to take off with a gently twisting movement; sensual goddesses drying themselves in serpentine poses; lions attacking horses; and Herculeses biffing, wrestling and striding away with a variety of opponents, human, animal and reptile. But in spite of all this activity – so miraculously rendered that one sees flesh and muscle instead of hard shiny metal and can hardly believe, except by comparing different versions and examining some of the many surviving sketch-models, that these complex compositions were invented with the fingers from lumps of wax around a nail – the effect is of luxury and elegance rather than energy. In other words, the absolute mastery of the form seems to shrink the content, just as Michelangelo's grandeur looks all the more overwhelming because it overwhelmed even his means of expression.

There is also the matter of scale. The pieces in this exhibition are almost all cabinet objects and many of them are miniaturised and reproduced versions of big, outdoor sculptures. Elsewhere in the V & A, still in its accustomed place in Room 21, is Giambologna's early marble group of Samson smiting a Philistine. Samson is recognisably kin to the later versions of Hercules or Mars, as the Philistine between his legs is an early Sabine husband, but here the energy, although fully contained within the elegant contortions of the bodies, is not, as in the small pieces, tamed.

The most comical examples of this diminution are the cabinet-size versions of the princely patrons on horseback. Giambologna developed the tradition of making bronze equestrian statues for public squares, and every ruler in Europe soon wanted one; but what might stand as an impressive symbol of authority in the large becomes in the small – with every detail of its rider's best battle-dress and haughty little features minutely reproduced – a toy. Pietro Tacca, who took over the workshop factory after Giambologna's death, not only extended the tradition to the point of seating the Duke of Savoy on a rearing horse, but was commissioned to make sugar figures based on Giambologna compositions to decorate the table at Marie de Medicis' wedding-banquet. One of these was the model for Henri IV's equestrian monument which was set up in Paris in 1614 and destroyed in the French Revolution. The few torn fragments that remain – the hands, a boot, one of the horse's forelegs – seem disproportionately powerful in this exhibition of highly-finished statuettes. The little model might as well be made of sugar.

All which said, one has not disposed of Giambologna. The exhibition, whatever service it may perform for scholars, is not – as offered cold, serried and cased to a public unsympathetic to mannerism – very fair to an artist whose historical context is especially important. These 'elegantly lubricious' (in Professor Trevor-Roper's phrase) classical motifs are not just excuses for the sculptor to display his skill and the client to indulge his taste for naked bodies of both sexes, but part of the ideology of Renaissance humanism. Rudolf II was much more than an ur-Goering; although he was the Holy Roman Emperor, his court – to which came Tycho Brahe, Kepler, John Dee and Giordano Bruno as well as artists – was an oasis of culture and tolerance in a Europe dominated by Christian violence. Giambologna had his commercial side, as Rudolf had his salivating collector's side, but the calm, dignified, Elysian world depicted in that bronze relief, in which Mercury leads Prince Francesco de Medici towards a sinuous naked lady with a cornucopia (perhaps the allegorical figure of Florence?), was surely as significant to Rudolf for what it meant as for the elegance, skill and unique value of its embodiment.

# Radio

**Peter Porter**

# Any Old Irony

*Any Questions* (Radio 4) celebrated its 30th anniversary with a relay from Bristol fielding a strong team consisting of Lords Hailsham and Hill, Katherine Whitehorn and Neil Kinnock, MP. I reviewed *Any Questions*, along with *Any Answers*, in the first radio column I ever wrote for the NS. I can't say that I have been a regular listener in the intervening years, but I did my duty by the programme's 30th birthday – and was dismayed by the experience. It is the ambition of many BBC programmes to become British Institutions, and *Any Questions* has succeeded in doing so; yet the price has been disfiguring. The programme is not a quiz or an exchange of opinions or a conference but a priestly ritual where the spontaneity of the celebrities' responses does not conceal from the audience the orthodoxy of the exchange. Hill and Hailsham were bluffly but endearingly reactionary, Kinnock warmly but guardedly progressive and Katherine Whitehorn sang the old liberal anthem, 'A plague on both your houses'. Those were forecastable attitudes: equally forecastable was the audience's obsequious reception of each swashbuckling foray, and every well-timed roar by a lion on the stage.

This is not the theatre, but the studio audience, of politics. And the panel is out to get its applause by any means available. The regulars are, of course, 'old pros', but compete among themselves for the audience's favour, often bringing to mind Auden's phrase, applied to Mussolini in the Thirties, that they are 'in their wooing poses'. The questions are traditionally on political and social issues in the news that week, with a spicing of human interest nosiness. The 5 per cent pay policy, seal-culling and Ian Smith's being refused entry into Britain took care of the serious topics, and 'Which was the most unforgettable day of your life?' added the *Reader's Digest* touch. I have now forgotten most of what was said by the panel; it will be a long time before I forget their verbal posturing.

It is many years since he put away his Radio Doctor's coat, but Lord Hill must have been practising at home in front of an applause machine, since his baritonal trumpetings of indignation over British hypocrisy towards Smith was the most outrageous example of hamming to an audience I've heard in years. He should try Iago's creed or 'O monumentum' some time: he has the resources – the staccato menace, the rich cantilena on a rising phrase, the maestoso affirmation. An extraordinary voice! And not an ounce of thought behind it. Miss Whitehorn has a rich voice too, but it can't compete with Lord Hill's. She solved this problem by devoting much time to deprecating her Kensington accent – always a dangerous policy, since the hearer remembers all the better the intimidating poshness, an apology only confirming the resented superiority. The *Any Answers* follow-up was disappointing. In the past, I have always enjoyed this more than its professional begetter, since the people who write in are less concerned with guarding themselves than the panellists are, whether they are simple purveyors of anecdotes or come from the BBC's stock of statutory madmen in the stormy fens. This time they must have felt outgunned by the team, since nobody carried unreasonable suggestions further into caricature than Lord Hill had done in Bristol. One correspondent, on cue for the anniversary, paid tribute to *Any Questions* as 'enlightening, entertaining and controversial'. Confusing, embarrassing and complacent would do as well.

Trevor Beeson has just given us reports from God's bigger battalions (*God and Caesar*); now it's the turn of the smaller and more fanatical sects to enjoy examination on Radio 4's Sunday night religious spot. The two *Godmongers* programmes were very interesting presentations of five groups – the Children of God, the Divine Light Mission, the Scientologists, Transcendental Meditation and the Unification Church (the Moonies). Much of the material was in the form of interviews with past and present devotees, and the scrupulous way it was used by William Nicholson, who compiled the programmes, prevented any sniping at wide-open targets. Such closed societies thrive on persecution and Nicholson was careful to build up portraits of them which were self-accusing.

However, he was not content to offer a collage of confessions and justifications: he appreciated that such programmes must be shaped editorially, and his steering linkings were judicious and responsible. The outcome was chilling: each of these sects, though some more than others, is a totalitarian system. It matters little whether their founders and leaders are financially corrupt or disinterested, since their followers see only what they want to see. We have been misled by modern permissiveness into thinking that extreme sectarianism is part of a reaction against older disciplines, Nicholson concluded. Each of these orders imposes sanctions on conduct which no official church in the West would dare to insist on. Their followers, tormented by the uncertainties of the world, are attracted by their rigorous discipline. The more irrational it is, the greater the attractions. For some people, freedom is the most unbearable pain of all.

Coming events: John Gielgud's reminiscences, *An Actor in His Time* (Radio 4), started brilliantly. There are nine more programmes to come – they shouldn't be missed. Donald Wolfit's 1949 *King Lear* is being broadcast this Thursday (a reminder to NS readers who get their copies early). The wavelength changes come into effect on

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November 23. I am going to a BBC briefing about then and may have something explanatory to report in my next piece. Meanwhile, I heard the Kings Singers intoning in Anglican chant the full metre and megaherz info on Radio 3 the other day. Perhaps the desolation of listeners who find themselves unable to get decent reception might be set to music too, modelled on the Lamentations of Jeremiah.

# Theatre

**Benedict Nightingale**

## No Context

**Richard III** and **Hamlet** *Young Vic*
**An Audience Called Edouard** *Greenwich*
**Who Killed 'Agatha' Christie?** *Ambassadors*

Next month Michael Bogdanov adds *The Tempest* to the two productions of Shakespeare he opened last week, and the season he curiously calls Action Man will be complete. On the face of it, this seems as arbitrary a grouping as a 'trilogy' of *Romeo and Juliet, As You Like It* and *Antony and Cleopatra* posing under the title of Cindy Doll; but the theatre's literature has its explanations to offer. The plays

> examine, in a modern context, the nature of political action necessary to maintain the status quo. Shakespeare's pyramid of power progresses from the man of action – Richard III – through to those caught halfway between thought and action – Hamlet and Claudius – and on to the one for whom all action takes place in the mind – Prospero.

'Pyramid of power' strikes me as enigmatic and probably tendentious. Also, pyramids don't 'progress', not unless they have wheels underneath them. 'Maintaining the status quo' seems of questionable relevance, especially to *The Tempest*, a play that is anyway more concerned with personal reconciliation than with political recovery. But no one who has seen the first two instalments will have any doubt what's intended by 'modern context'. It means soldiers in khaki fatigues, dinner jackets, cocktails, revolvers, phone calls, a dictaphone for Polonius, a gravedigger who quotes from Mao's Red Book and then asks his assistant to 'fetch me a pint of bitter', and a plastic bag inscribed 'Pork Farm Pies' for Hastings's sliced-off head.

As one who tends to mistrust 'modern contexts', except for those Shakespeare comedies that are too slight to be much spoiled, I should nevertheless make one admission. The Elizabethans thought of the excrescences of *Richard III* rather as we might regard a coup against the aging Victoria by the tyrant Gladstone. It was a recent trauma, and one that might always be repeated. Thus a certain ominous immediacy is given the play by Michael Attwell's city-slicker Buckingham in his tinted specs, by Bill Wallis's sly, fatly-smiling Richard, shambling into the boardroom in his slovenly worsted like a professional asset-stripper in search of companies to liquidate, and by all the other anachronisms in Mr Bogdanov's clean and clear production. But there are also times in *Richard III*, and many more in *Hamlet*, when one feels that modern dress has inhibited the performers and shrunk the play. There's something about those executive suits and briefcases that encourages excessively brisk, businesslike encounters. At any rate, we don't get much vocal variety, ambiguity and resonance from Mr Wallis's Slater-Walker Richard, or from John Darrell's snappily bureaucratic Polonius, or, for that matter, from Philip Bowen's earnest young Hamlet in his leather jacket, jeans and sweatshirt emblazoned 'Wittenburg University'. Come to that, we don't get the most famous line in *Richard III*. But then 'a horse, a horse, my kingdom for a horse' might sound a bit fey from a man hemmed in by machine guns.

Mr Bogdanov's *Hamlet* might almost be rechristened *Claudius*. much is made of those references, commonly cut by those who see the play as closet tragedy, to the 'daily cast of brazen cannon' and the 'impress of shipwrights' in uneasy, unstable Denmark. Here's a state on the brink of war, but ruled by a man who from the very beginning suspects that his troublesome nephew has rumbled his darker secrets. This helps explain what politically-minded directors of *Hamlet* usually find inexplicable, Claudius's brusque and offhand reaction to the ambassadors who, halfway through Act Two, bring the vital news that Fortinbras has been forced to abandon his planned invasion. Bill Wallis's canny, watchful king is, as he is bound to be, much more interested in tapping 'the head and source of your sons's distemper', as he describes it to Gertrude, than in the business of good government. Indeed, the strain of trying to cope gradually reduces him to an enfeebled soak, unable to prevent his nation from slipping into the near-chaos of the Laertes rebellion and his court into a disarray graphically dramatised by an Ophelia who, far from turning misery to 'favour and to prettiness', violently thwacks the king and gooses the queen with her armful of vegetation. Mr Bogdanov's political emphasis means, it's true, that less justice is done to the nephew than to the uncle, and rather less to *Hamlet* as a whole than to *Richard III*. But it's an aggressive, determined production, and, slanted or not, far the more absorbing of the two evenings.

David Pownall, who specialises in unexpected connections, recently came up with his own version of *Richard III*, a show in which Crookback, George Orwell and some modern marketing men all made guest appearances. His *Audience Called Edouard* is hardly less eccentric, bringing, as it does, a half-naked Karl Marx dripping and shivering out of the river behind the models posing for Manet's *Déjeuner sur L'Herbe*. Up to this point the subject has appeared to be the aloofness of the artist and the godlike power he wields over his creatures. At any rate, the invisible Manet's four sitters spend the first hour clamouring either deferentially or cheekily for his attention, as if they have no existence beyond his painterly eye and hand. But after the pink and pristine Karl has made his somewhat symbolic entrance the moral wind shifts, and the play begins to be about activity and inactivity, the clearsightedness of the revolutionary and the shiftless myopia of most others. Either way, the conversation is arresting enough and much of the characterisation sufficiently plausible to excuse Mr Pownall's failure to coalesce the two halves into a smooth and seamless whole. On a more frivolous level, the play should appeal to those who have wondered, first, what Susan Hampshire and David Burke look like under their woollies, and second, what the gentlemen in Manet's funny-formal picnic are actually saying to each other. According to Mr Pownall, it is 'and where will the Suez Canal get us?'.

Tudor Gates may have a name like a fake-period house in Woking, but he has a constructive cast of mind. Instead of threatening the reviewers with duffiings-up, like at least one play-writing loonie we could all mention, he has produced a thriller in which the victim is supposed to be a capsule version of my less forgiving colleagues. More, he has constructed a plot that allows him not only to flay this critic for his casual contumelies, but to patronise him as a dimwit, credulous enough in life to believe a scenario he would condemn if it was transported to the stage. This is brave, fighting stuff, to which it is a positive pleasure to turn the other cheek. *Who Killed 'Agatha' Christie?* hasn't pleased all my Comrades-in-spite, but it strikes me as an ingenious if sadistic piece, the best of its kind since *Sleuth*.

# Sport

**Russell Davies**

## Team Talk

For the benefit of our readers in Australia (a remarkable number of whom have strong feelings about keeping 'This English' topped up, for some reason), I think I had better supply some snappy pen-pictures of the cricket team they are about to entertain. Let me warn you, folks, it's a lively, well-balanced side with a taste for Ashes, so look out! My goodness me yes. Here they are, in alphabetical order after Captain and Vice-Captain:

M. BREARLEY (Middlesex): While a youngster at University, England's skipper was noted for having a wise head on young shoulders. Now has padded head on bandaged shoulders. Plays as though allowing invisible ball to pass narrowly in front of windpipe before playing visible ball. Can be got out early in innings by fastish bowling which deviates to the off, to leg, carries straight on, etc. Finds it hard to shake off habit of winning. Influences: Compton, Freud, Mesmer.

R. WILLIS (Warwicks): Added name 'Dylan' to given names. Is apt to survey pitch from pavilion balcony and remark 'A Hard Rain's Gonna Fall'. In England, is seldom wrong. Amazing action based on childhood observation of behaviour of bent Meccano. Can and will aim at any part of batsman's anatomy, especially those parts which it is rumoured batsman does not possess.

I. BOTHAM (Somerset): Physically resilient, though has trouble walking through doors. When roused, will bowl bouncers at sight screen, probably scoring six byes on smaller country grounds. Very easily roused. 'Hard hitting batsman, shall we say?' we asked him. 'I don't find it that hard,' he replied. Can be lured into making mistake of hitting ball into Committee car-park.

G. TOYBOX (Yorkshire): Oldest member and

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problem child of party. Has scored 5,675 runs in Test cricket, 17 of them with gay abandon. Gets up for quick net in middle of night. A mine of cricketing information, but recently sealed off owing to danger of explosion. Responds well to constant encouragement from Michael Parkinson.

P. EDMONDS (Middlesex): Has strange white hat, also strange white way of fitting it on head. Bowls with amused, experimental look on face. Approach to wicket slowing down year by year. Will end up bowling in white trilby, with white umbrella hung over non-delivery arm. Largest lounge-lizard in first-class game.

J. EMBUREY (Middlesex): Nice chap, widely acknowledged as most arty spinner in England, will not get a look in unless at least four other bowlers walk through glass doors. Would do well to grow Miller-style moustache.

G. GOOCH (Essex): Thick-set stalwart opener and plunging medium pace scrounger, affects Flowerpot Men hat, may also affect Boycott if successful, liable to spend much of tour getting run out by Yorkshire calls ('Aye – Nay – 'Appen!')

D. GOWER (Leicestershire): Looks like doll which pees if you turn it upside down, but in fact does not. Batsman. Apt to hit first ball tremendously hard, but gradually settles down and gets out. Gives ball a lot of hammer, but also a lot of air. Perhaps should take up pneumatic drill. Every mother's favourite, except possibly Australian mothers.

M. HENDRICK (Derbyshire): Sight of this huge, rangy player clumping up to wicket on great flat plates of meat strikes terror into hearts of groundsmen everywhere. Unkind to grass. Liable to twist, kick, rupture, sprain etc portions of vast anatomy. Wears rose-coloured hat in slips. Incapable of dropping slip catches, but sometimes unaware he has caught one, owing to size of hands.

J. LEVER (Essex): Fast-medium left-arm over the wicket, when he's allowed near one. Takes a lot of wickets, but not when anyone's looking. Fit, mobile, cheerful, but probably bored. Possibly should roll up sleeves more often, or more ostentatiously.

G. MILLER (Derbyshire): Spin bowler. Has moustache, lends sense of history to team photograph. Very frequently selected. Sometimes allowed to bowl. No relation to bandleader. As batsman, has very studious way of casting philosophical glance at disturbed stumps. Thus, at present, must be classed as hemispherical all-rounder.

C. OLD (Yorkshire): Known as 'Chilly', like most Yorkshiremen at the moment. Left elbow never fit at same moment as right shoulder, inner ear, bladder etc. Would be wonderful player if all of him could turn up at ground on same day. May pull self together.

C. RADLEY (Middlesex): Doughty fighter. Show him a doughty, he will fight it. Also a bonny.

D. RANDALL (Nottinghamshire): Has appeared on *Desert Island Discs*. Loose-limbed player, enjoys falling about, and threatening to fall apart. Often fields ball before it has been struck. Once stopped talking when struck on head by bouncer from D. Lillee, will not happen again. Fun to be with, and fun to be without.

R. TAYLOR (Derbyshire): Unaccountable oldster with spring interior knees and bottom, also Anglepoise arms. Astonishing lack of boring mannerisms (Yoga poses, drum majorette steps, etc.) Never heard of by British public until on brink of old-age pension.

R. TOLCHARD (Leicestershire): Second-string wicketkeeper. Flies through air with greatest of ease, but does not always catch ball. Very fast runner between wickets, will run three to every one of Boycott's, thereby confusing everybody.

**Among this week's contributors:**

MALCOLM BRADBURY is Professor of English and American Studies at the University of East Anglia. His books include *Eating People Is Wrong* and *The History Man*.

DENIS DONOGHUE is Professor of Modern English and American Literature at University College, Dublin.

PAUL ADDISON's most recent publication is *The Road to 1945*. He is currently working on a study of Churchill.

JOHN COLEMAN recently won first prize in the *Evening News* short story competition.

# Weekend Competition

**No 2538 Set by Dan Drough**

Another in our series of poetical updatings, this time with an NS flavour to it: rewrite Enobarbus's 'The barge she sat in . . .' from *Antony and Cleopatra* in the style of either Peter Porter, Roy Fuller or this year's Prudence Farmer Award winner, Craig Raine.

**Result of No 2535 Set by David Ealey**

We asked you for examples of auto-reviewing (after Muggeridge and Burgess).

**Report by Fat Jeff**

After some decades of comp adjudication, you begin to approach parody comps with a touch of weariness, the flicker of a proleptic headache (is this, O Spiro, what the philosophers call *taedium vitae*?). Will it be Parrott's Tolkien again – not that it isn't a great Tolkien, E.O., a better Tolkien than Tolkien could do – or Alexander's James (Peter and Henry, that is, if you follow), or anybody's Beckett. So it was good to get Greenwell's version of that great American novelist and screenwriter Ed McBain (alias Evan Hunter), and McGowan's Waugh Jr. None of your entries was all that long, so we reckon we can get away with pick-up-sticks apiece. Oh, and welcome back, Ransome; about time too. Now what about your mate Hopkins showing a leg?

*Cat's Mother 5*

I have been called a New Yorker writer, a science fiction writer, a cult figure and a Guru.

I am none of these things.

I am an old fart living in a penthouse suite with a carton of Pall Malls, a case of Scotch and a handful of memories. And I know more about God and the Universe than any other living man.

Listen:

Five hundred thousand cigarettes ago, six thousand gallons of booze ago and two wives ago I wrote a book called *Player Piano*. After that I tried to write a book about every single thing that happened in the world on the day that America dropped the first atomic bomb on Japan. The book was called *The Day the World Ended*. It never got finished.

So it goes.

This present book is about ten things that happened in the world on the day President Carter was elected.

So be it.

ROBERT BAIRD

*The Foxglove Saga*

This is a disgusting book. Can its misguided author really believe that we want to read about the dormitory fumblings of the acned, sweaty oafs he finds so fascinating? To suggest that many private schoolmasters are pederasts is about as startling as to tell us that the working classes smell. At dinner at the Palace I horrified H. M. with extracts, and I fear I may have to forgo the promised Garter; still, it may hasten the return of capital punishment or at least some Arabic dismemberment for the authors of this kind of sewage. That the Catholic church can permit the membership of this whimpering ninny, who supposedly wrote this in hospital after shooting himself on the foot to avoid army service, is yet another sign of its decay. A thoroughly repulsive novel, fit only to be shredded and mixed into pensioners' cheap butter.

MORAY MCGOWAN

*The Caretaker*

Soon as I can . . .get down there . . .you know . . .down the . . .stationer's . . .for some paper . . .I'll be reviewing, just you see. But all my notes are down at this mate's in Hounslow . . .I'll be down there . . .soon as them blacks stop hanging round the tea-stall. I done them all, all them reviews. I was one of the first to . . .you know . . .review . . .(*Pause*) . . .You couldn't spare me a thesaurus, could you, mister? Just till I get . . .settled. What about this play? Well . . .it's . . .all right. isn't it?

MEL FLATCART

*Fiesta*

There are some books you read you feel good after. It is a feeling like you have when you kill your first *maricon*, the *estocada* clean and firm and sweet, the blood running, and it is a fine feeling. The book is like no book you have known, it is strong and clean and passionate and the earth moves and this book you know will last. Then again it is a book you have always known, it is as close and true as your own *cojones*, it is truly full of *cojones*, and the feeling is like the feeling of trout in clear water in the mountains of Aragon the summer Belmonte took his *alternativa*. It is not like the writing of an old American woman living in Paris who has not known the love of a man. It is a fine and good and truthful book and the people are all sad with a joyful sadness and the bulls die with their mouths shut and there is much drinking. Then too the ending is sad, with a fine and truthful sadness. *Fiesta* is a book like this.

BASIL RANSOME

*The Autobiography of Alice B. Toklas*

Alice B. Toklas's autobiography is a great book. Like Alice B. Toklas herself it is great and plain and square. Sherwood Anderson once said Gertrude I mean Alice the word great has only one syllable and that is all. I asked Gertrude Stein Miss Stein what is it that Sherwood Anderson means when he says great has only one Alice she interrupted hush now Braque Gris and Ernst Max not Hemingway are coming to tea. And that is why Miss Toklas's book is a one syllable book full of one syllable thoughts and

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one syllable people. About a week ago Gertude Stein said if you are never going to write that review of your book then I will. So she did.

BARRY ANTHONY

*Hatchet*

It is Ed McBain's new novel, and the city inside its pages is grey, and in the 87th precinct the atmosphere is icy, and the reviewer rubs his hands together. It is set in November. The day is a normal everyday day. This is not his first novel. He has written thirty-four other novels, year in and year out. The imagery is monochromatic, but it is full of colours, and yet there is nothing colourful. Neither is there a cheerful character, or wise-cracking bit-parts. Instead, there are lost, abandoned clouds that waft like stale cigarette smoke above the plot, drift above the action as the heroes stride past the garbage to the finish. The novel is a woman, like a finely-tuned flute whistling a melancholy melody, like a frost-rimmed hatchet, embedded in the back of the reader. There is a message on the hatchet, and the message must be read.

The message tells you to read this book.

BILL GREENWELL

*The Trial*

They have asked me to review this book. By 'they' I mean the people in the Literary Department of this journal. Why they have assigned this book to me I cannot imagine. Do they expect me to demolish it in the manner that I have demolished other novels of late? Or do they secretly hope that I will praise *The Trial* inordinately so that they can round on me and say, 'Aha! We have exposed you as a fraud. You are nothing but an egoistic author with an inflated view of your own importance!' The novel lies beside me as I write. The plain cover contains only the title of the book and the author's name. It is published by Mueller of Hamburg. It is 80,000 words long. It will take the average reader approximately ten hours to read. These statements are fact and cannot be contradicted. I have carried out my obligation. Having checked this review I am certain, or at least as certain as anyone can be, that it contains nothing to which those in the Literary Department can object.

PAUL PASTOR

*Lady Chatterley's Lover*

The mealy-mouthed, the Willy wet-legs, the self-appointed guardians of public morals, the whole god-damn bourgeoisie will hate this book. 'Ban it!' they'll scream. 'Burn it!' Because, you see, it has real flesh-and-blood characters, not the neutered zombies of contemporary fiction. Because the people in it are all too human, throbbing to dark tides of love and hate and naked passion. Worse still: Mr Lawrence dares to question the English pecking order. Lady Chatterley practises the unspeakable perversion of tangling with her gamekeeper instead of with someone of her own class; *that* is the ultimate obscenity.

It clearly gives the author no pleasure to strip the fig-leaf of prudery from the English novel; he conceives it as a moral duty. In the same spirit he makes his characters employ basic Anglo-Saxon, in all its frank, manly simplicity, for social and other intercourse. A seminal book, if ever there was one.

STANLEY J. SHARPLESS

## Tony Miles

# Chess

**No 106** **Karpov/Korchnoy**

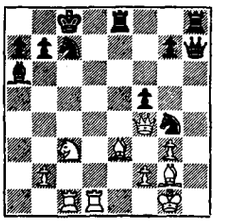
At last the Battle of Baguio is over. After an heroic fight-back to level the scores at 5-5 Korchnoy finally succumbed in the 32nd game of this epic encounter.

On the balance of play Korchnoy could claim to have been a little unlucky – he was much better prepared and produced far more new ideas than his opponent. He let many promising positions slip, but it must be said that Karpov himself missed at least four more wins. Perhaps the crucial difference was that the champion never actually lost any of his winning positions. I have little sympathy with the challenger's off-the-board complaints. Korchnoy positively provokes such arguments, and even seems to revel in them. Karpov on the other hand, confined his aggression to the chessboard, leaving disputes in the enthusiastic hands of the dreaded Baturinsky.

Personally I have no doubt that Karpov is the better player, but his display in this match was well below what I would have expected. His preparation was almost non-existent – perhaps he was convinced by the pre-match Soviet propaganda that he would win easily. Whatever the explanation, he will not make the same mistake in three years time.

**White: A. Karpov** **Black: V. Korchnoy**

**1.P-K4, P-Q3; 2.P-Q4, N-KB3; 3.N-QB3, P-KN3; 4.N-B3, B-N2; 5.B-K2, 0-0; 6.0-0, P-B4?!** Allowing transposition to an Old Benoni position which, I think, suits Karpov too much. Indeed it is strange that Korchnoy avoided the Open Ruy Lopez with which he had some success. Presumably the explanation is that he did not completely trust it and feared what Karpov's aides might have unearthed in the three day break. **7.P-Q5, N-R3; 8.B-KB4, N-B2; 9.P-QR4, P-QN3; 10.R-K1, B-N2; 11.B-B4, N-R4; 12.B-KN5, N-B3; 13.Q-Q3, P-QR3; 14.QR-Q1, R-N1; 15.P-R3, N-Q2; 16.Q-K3, B-QR1; 17.B-R6, P-QN4; 18.BxB, KxB; 19.B-B1, N-B3; 20.PxP, PxP; 21.N-K2, B-N2; 22.N-N3, R-R1; 23.P-B3, R-R5; 24.B-Q3, Q-R1.** Black's position has been uncomfortable since the opening, but this allows the decisive central breakthrough. **25.P-K5! PxP.** On 25... KNxP; 26.N-R5ch! PxN (else Q-R6); 27.Q-N5ch, K-R1; 28.Q-R6, P-B4; 29.N-N5 wins. **26.QxKP, NxP; 27.BxQNP.** The open centre means that Black's Q-side pieces are hopelessly misplaced. Probably White is already winning, but in time trouble Black collapses completely. **27...R-R2; 28.N-R4, B-B1; 29.B-K2, B-K3; 30.P-QB4, N-N5; 31.QxP, Q-N1; 32.B-B1, R-B1; 33.Q-KN5, K-R1; 34.R-Q2, N-B3; 35.Q-R6, R-N1; 36.N-B3, Q-KB1; 37.Q-K3, K-N2;** Q-N1 was necessary. **38.N-N5, B-Q2; 39.P-N4.** The end! **39...Q-R1; 40.P-N5, N-QR4; 41.P-N6,** and Korchnoy resigned. On 41 ... R-N2, (If R-R3, P-B5) White can choose between 42.QxP, 42.NxBP and (simplest) 42.R-R2.

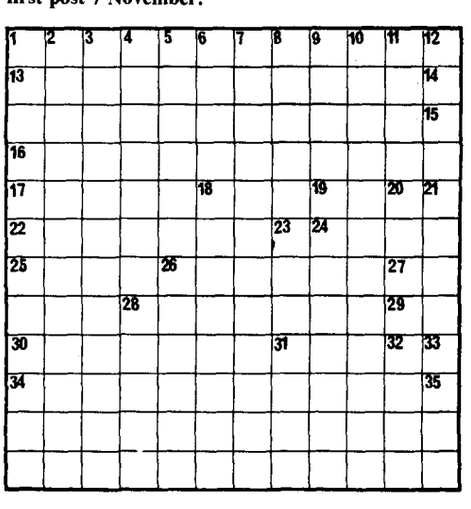


**Problem 106**
White to play. How should the game go? Answers to me at the NEW STATESMAN postmarked not later than 8 November.

**Solution to Problem 104**
1) 1.QxN, PxB; 2.PxP, QxP; 3.Q-R3, P-B3; 4.N-K7ch, K-B2; 5.Q-K6ch, K-K1; 6.N-B6mate. 2) Lack of space prevents an exhaustive solution, but one line which appeals to me is 1.K-B1, BxP; 2.Q-N4, Q-N3(!); 3.N-K7ch, K-R1; 4.NxQch, PxN; 5.P-B3 (else NxPch), N-B5ch (but not PxB; 6.PxPch, K-N1; 7.Q-K6ch, R-B2; 8.R-R8ch!); 6.K-B2, (maybe K-N1), PxB; 7.PxPch, K-N1; 8.P-N3, N-Q6ch and 9 . . . N-B4.

# Salamanca 11: 'Diagon-all'

**PRIZES. Book tokens of £2 for the first three correct solutions opened. Entries to Salamanca 11, New Statesman, Great Turnstile, London WC1V 7HJ, by first post 7 November.**



Answers are entered diagonally from their number, reading downwards to the left or right. The puzzle is symmetrical.

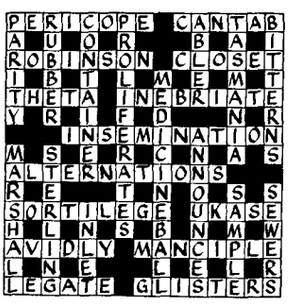
LEFT

3 A letter from the taxman (3).
4 Common carriage that's quiet indeed (4).
5 Casual appearance of 'Nessie' might 'ave caused ——? (4).
6 A hanging? Padre's required for service (5).
7 Shore-leave? (6).
8 One could indicate express (8).
9 Seen before church – or, hopefully, after *last* attendance? (8).
10 Gain favour, iterating a problem (10).
11 Like certain river-dwellers – earless? (7).
12 Weird reptile about today? Not *one!* (12).
14 Beast – of burden? (4).
15 Suffering first cut Love bled so, giving name to these? (10).
20 Italians, somehow alien in Mauritius (East) (8).
21 Motored around Spain? This measures distance covered (8).
23 Mean time to declare? (7).
27 Some sort of let about rut? Nash thought it had (6).
28 Old Bob Oliver's money (4).
29 Former King of more recent date (5).
32 Strong like Nairn's Subtopian desert (4).
33 It was sufficient a moment ago? (4).
35 To pay, not before time (3).

RIGHT

1 Instrument that's foreign, yes, different, not round, casing traditional (12).
2 Language an obligation, say (4).
3 These mistakes are set on, once arising (6).
6 Somehow dared e.g. to wear down (7).
7 Little me, theatrically declaring myself popular among Italians (6).
9 Varicoloured, like minced pork often is? (4).
10 Palm one with thanks (3).
13 Captains lacking one coming adrift? (7).
16 Still one's not been proved to exist (4).
17 Expressing surprise with force, thus (4).
18 Unyielding as a coney in afternoon time (7).
19 Genuine-sounding service (4).
22 Thrash human skin (7).
24 Function shared unequally between Hero and Leander? (4).
25 To bring down, remove HQ? (6).
26 Resort for chief leader (6).
30 You see and catch best part of play from one? (4).
31 English fashion-school (4).
34 Letters mostly, otherwise wings (3).

**Solution to No 1279**

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**NEW STATESMAN**

Vol. 96 No. 2484

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# Exhibition

**GANYMED GALLERY**, 11 Gt Turnstile WC1. 405 9836. Original lithographs and etchings by Moore, Arthur Boyd, Whiteley, Lowry, also 18 & 19 C satirical prints.

# Theatres

**ALDWYCH THEATRE** (Royal Shakespeare Company), 836 6404. Info 836 5332. 'Coriolanus' in repertoire with Middleton and Rowley's 'The Changeling'. See daily press for dates and times. RSC also at the Warehouse in premiere Mary O'Malley's 'Look Out . . . Here Comes Trouble!'

**HAMPSTEAD THEATRE**, 722 9301. Mon.-Fri. 8, Sats 5 & 8.30 'Gloo Joo', a new play by Michael Hastings directed by Michael Rudman. 'A passport to hilarity.' E. Standard.

**NATIONAL THEATRE**, 928 2252. 'Macbeth', 'The Double Dealer', 'Plunder', 'Plenty', 'The World Turned Upside Down' (not suitable for children). See daily press for dates and times or ring recorded information 928 2256.

**ROYAL COURT**, 730 1745. Eves 8, Sats 5 & 8.30. Nicol Williamson in John Osborne's 'Inadmissible Evidence'. Ends 4 Nov.

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# Concert

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# Cinema

**SCREEN ON THE HILL** 435 3366 (opp. Belsize Park Tube). Visconti's 'Ludwig'. (AA). Progs at 3.30, 6.00, 8.45.

**PARIS PULLMAN**, South Ken. 373 5898. Banned in Iran for 3 years Mehrjui's 'The Cycle' (AA). Progs 3.50 (Sat. & Sun.) 6.05 & 8.20. Must end 1 Nov.

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**CONFERENCE** on 'Value Theory and Contemporary Capitalism' 3, 4 & 5 Nov. Sponsored by: New Left Review, Cambridge Journal of Economics, Conference of Socialist Economists. Speakers: Andre Gunder Frank, Pierangelo Garegnani, Laurence Harris, John Harrison, Ernest Mandel, Simon Mohun, Bob Rowthorn, Anwar Shaikh, Ian Steedman, Paul Sweezy, Erik Olin Wright. Advance Registration Fee: £5. Write to: NLRE(Conf.), 15 Greek St, London W1.

# Meetings

**UNIVERSITY COLLEGE LONDON**, Gower St, WC1E 6BT. Lunch Hour Lectures, 1.20 to 2. 31 Oct. 'What do we need to know about the future in order to decide what to do?' by Dr J. L. Watling; 2 Nov. 'Las Hurdes' (Land without Bread). Film directed by Luis Bunuel, Spain, 1932.

**DR MARTIN LINGS**, Former Keeper of Oriental Printed Books and Manuscripts at the British Museum will give an illustrated lecture entitled Arabic Calligraphy & Illumination, exemplified in the best manuscripts of the Qu'ran, at the Iraqi Cultural Centre, 177 Tottenham Court Rd., London W1. Tuesday 31 Oct. at 7 p.m. Admission free. Tel. 01-637 5831 Ext. 48.

**CENTRAL LONDON FABIAN SOCIETY.** Debbie Sanders of the Anti-Abortion Campaign at 5 Tavistock Place, WC1 on Wed. 1 November, 7.30. All welcome.

**'SOME KEY IDEAS** of the Bhagavad Gita'. A talk by Dr Harry Upadhyay. Sun. 29 Oct. 7 p.m. The Theosophical Society in England, 50 Gloucester Place, London W1H 3HJ. Tel. 01-935 9261.

**RAMAKRISHNA VEDANTA CENTRE**, Blind Lane, Bourne End. Bucks. Sun. 29 Oct. Swami Bhavyananda 'The Gospel of Divine Love' at 4 p.m. All welc. Vedanta mag. 50p.

**THEOSOPHY:** S.a.e. for pamphlets, book list, programme of activities. Sun. 29 Oct. 8 p.m. Open Question/Answer Meeting. All welcome. ULT, 62 Queen's Gardens, London W2.

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